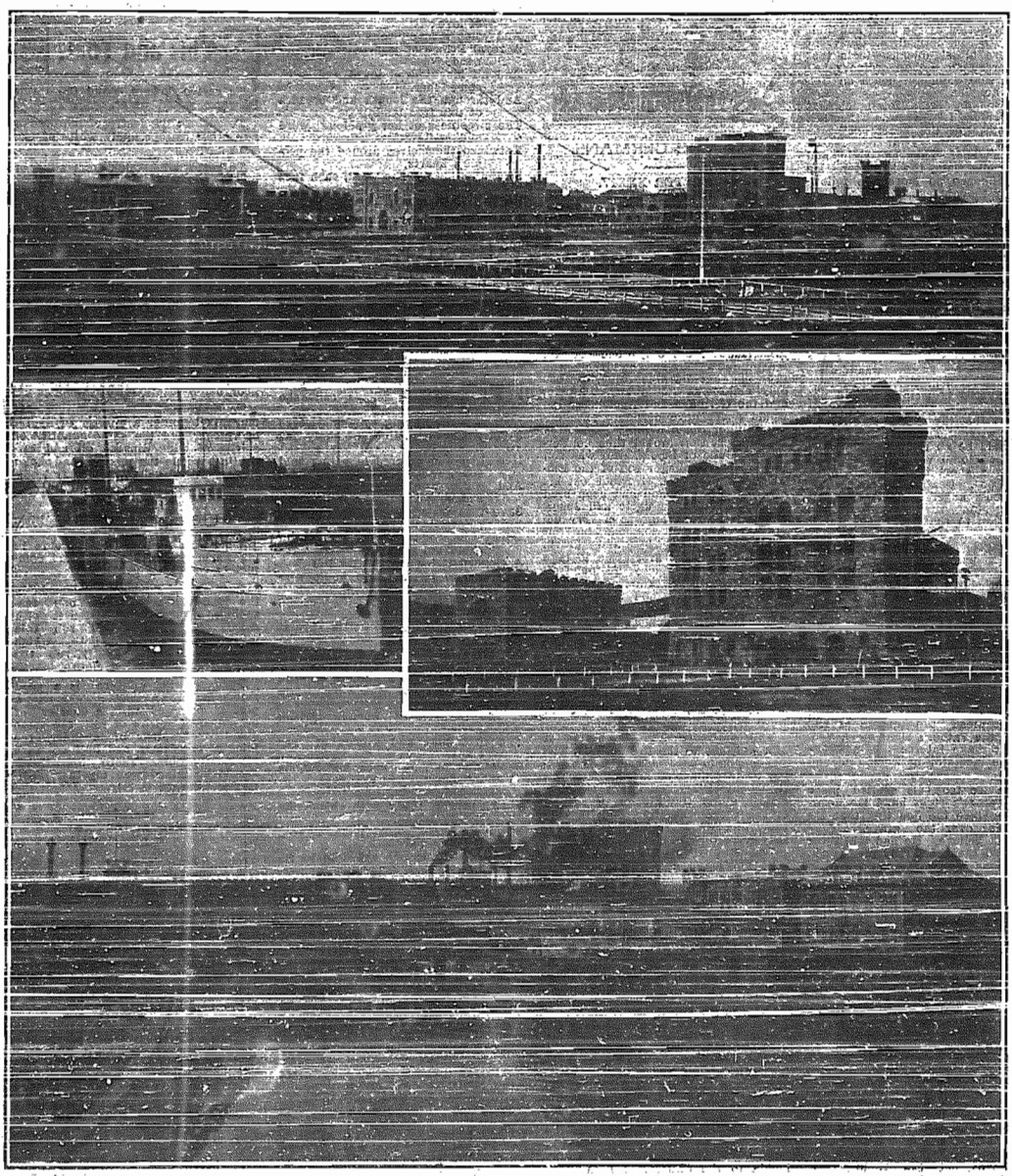
THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year. No. 43. WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO, JULY 26, 1902. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. Price, 5 Cents.



SAULT STE. MARIE, OUR LATEST OPENING. (See Article, page 3.)

1. Bird's-Eye View of Steel Plant, Pulp Mills, and Sulphate Mill. 2. Boat Going Through Canadian Lock of Canal. 3. Part of New Steel Plant at the "Soo." 4. Water Power Canal.

A Conquering Hero.

BY ADJUTANT C. A. PERRY.

"Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."—Rom. 4 : 25.

THEY had crucified Him; the spikes had been driven; the crown of thorns had sent forth its expression of torture by the oozing blood. The cruel, bloodthirsty scribes and Pharisees had seen the Roman soldiers, as they thought, very fittingly and effectually carry out their designs of hatred.

Yes, the Lord of light and glory was slain. They thought they had the disturber out of the way. He could not now establish His kingdom as He had said He would.

He was dead. But the earthquake, the resurrection of the dead and their appearance in Jerusalem, the rent veil, were all significant facts that some person more than ordinary had suffered that shameful death on Golgotha's heights.

Yes, He was dead. How much that word signified! He was inactive. His capture of the hearts of men that the jealous Pharisees feared was at an end. They had slain and most cruelly slain, the impostor. He could influence no more His followers, they thought.

A False Assertion.

But was it so? We in the Christian world to-day say "No, a thousand times no." Then, however, it looked dark; to many, very dark. Mystery seemed to cloud their mind and eyes. Many saw for the time being but the dead form of the Crucified One who had proclaimed Himself the Son of God. Their hopes vanished, and later the closed tomb seemed to for ever seal them with the most acute disappointment. Death was dark—the closed tomb darker.

The mystified disciples could not understand redemption's plan. It was necessary that the Son of God should die, for without shedding of blood there could be no remission for sins. The sealed tomb was but the receptacle for a short time for the body of our Lord. Death could not hold Him. God's angel came and rolled back the stone, revealing the fact to the visitors to that sacred spot that He was not there—He had risen.

The angels of God had a blessed mission to perform both before and after the crucifixion. One came and strengthened the Son of Man for the trying ordeal through which He was to pass, and another, after the sacrifice had been made, rolled back the stone to certify to the doubting the glorious fact of the resurrection.

A Part of God's Plan.

Death was but one part of God's plan for His well-beloved Son. He must rise again for our justification. He must plead the merits of His blood at the Father's right hand. Yes, He must make intercession and become the mediator between God and man.

Before He took his exalted place at the Father's right hand He desired to convince the doubting that He had power over the grave. They would not believe. He had told them when with them, but they understood not—His sayings seemed clouded in mystery—but now they could not gainsay His resurrection. Doubt vanished, as Christ desired it should, for He even took the pains to show unbelieving Thomas the nail-prints. They must not be shrouded with doubt and uncertainty. They had seen His dead body, and God allowed them the glorious privilege of beholding His resurrected body and a sight of the nail-prints. Could they no other than believe? The rent veil of the Temple had been one of the significant facts to the inhabitants of Jerusalem that through Calvary's sacrifice man could have free access to God. The nail-prints were a convincing fact to the inhabitants of Heaven that death's penalty had been paid and redemption's plan executed.

The More Excellent Faith.

Inhabitants of both worlds saw and believed, but the Bible says, "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." We who embrace the Christian faith to-day do not see, and have not seen, the material body of our Lord, but Him whom having not seen we love. Our faith embraces the glorious fact that He was crucified to pay sin's penalty, but rose again to be the justifier of all who believe. The Word says, "If Christ be not raised, our faith is vain. He must become the first-fruits of them that slept."

Oh, glorious Christ, we look away from Calvary, look beyond the tomb, and behold Thee at the Father's right hand making intercession for us. We serve a resurrected Lord, who, having gone through life's journey, its sorrows and its pains, knoweth only to enter into our feelings—yea, the feelings of our infirmities. Thou didst rise to plead our cause before God the Father. Thou didst rise a conquering hero over death and the grave to fulfil God's eternal purpose. May the slumbering souls in the apathy of indifference rise up to proclaim to others the resurrection power of an Omnipotent Christ.

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MATTHIAS . . . A.D. 1612-1619.

The new Emperor, Matthias, was a good and upright man, who had only taken part against his elder brother because he saw that otherwise the three hereditary states would be lost to the House of Hapsburg. So soon as he had freed himself from Rudolf's fancies, he had married his cousin, Anne of the Tyrol, whom he loved most tenderly; but he had no children—indeed, the only one of all Maximilian's sixteen children who ever had a child was Anne, whose only child was Philip III. of Spain, and the Germans and Austrians alike would never have borne to pass under another Spanish king.

The fittest heir would thus be Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who was son to Charles, a younger son of the Emperor, Ferdinand II. He had lost his father very early, and had been bred up by his Bavarian uncle and Jesuit teachers, so that he was a very devout and conscientious man, but not clever—and cold, shy and grave. When, in 1596, he first came to take possession of his duchy, he found all the Styrian Protestants, and not one person in it who would receive the Holy Communion with him on Easter Day. He was so much shocked that he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and vowed to restore his duchy to the Church. He brought back a band of Capuchin Friars, and between their teaching and his own management he so entirely changed the profession of the Styrians that, in 1602, there were 40,000 at the Easter mass.

This did not make the notion of him welcome to the Protestants. The Bohemians in especial had been meaning to keep quiet as long as Matthias lived, but on his death they meant to choose either the Elector of Saxony or the Elector Palatine. But in 1617 their diet was called together, and they were told that they had no right to choose any stranger, but must accept Ferdinand of Styria, to whom Matthias wished to resign the crown of Bohemia. They were taken by surprise, and did as they were bidden, though they believed their crown to be elective, and many of them were old Hussites.

Ferdinand doubted whether, as a good Catholic, he ought to swear to the Letter of Majesty granted by Rudolf, which made the Protestants equal with the Catholics; but the Jesuits told him that though it might have been wrong to grant it, it could not be wrong to accept it as part of the law of the land; and so he walked in state to his coronation he said to one of his friends, "I am glad to have won this crown without any pangs of conscience."

However, he did not think himself bound to move than keeping the strictest letter of the law, while he believed it his duty to restore Bohemia to the Church. He banished all the Protestant and Hussite schoolmasters, founding two convents of Capuchins and three Jesuit colleges, and bringing in as many of his Catholics to settle in the country as possible. It was the plan that had succeeded in Styria, and there was very little resistance among the people in Bohemia. He was also elected King of Hungary, and there crowned, and a diet was soon to be assembled to appoint him King of the Romans.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN BOTH.

Yes, women both, but, ah, how different!
One was within a royal palace born,
And loving hearts and voices hailed her birth.
From infancy to childhood, all combined
To scatter o'er her pathway flowers of love;
And when a lovely maiden grown,
A royal Prince of princes sought her hand,
And all his kindred loved and welcomed her.
And through the length and breadth of this free land
The sweetness of her gracious word and smile
Entwined themselves around the people's hearts,
So that, wherever she went, each face would beam
In joyous recognition of her worth.
Thus years sped on, and lovely children blessed
The sacred name of "Mother" in her ear,
Filling her woman's heart with love complete.
But in her own great joy she, no'er forgot
The poor, the wretched and the grief-oppressed,
Giving to each a gentle, loving word
Whose value wealth itself can never buy.
And now, within a felon's cell she stands,
Looking with pitying eye upon a face
From which all instinct womanly has flown.
Her birth was ushered in with ribald song,
And on her childish days no love had shone
Save that which centred round the poisoned cup.
Once in her girlish days (if such could be)
A clouded vision of a better life
Appeared to her, and she would willingly
Have trod a higher path with him she loved,
But, casting her aside with brutal force,
He killed the early germ of future good.
And so from bad to worse her life
Until at length her days were mostly spent
Within the cell of gloomy prison walls;
And even men and women of her class
Shuddered to look upon her callous face.

Thus, prison clad, with handcuffs tightly bound,
She looked like some poor hunted beast at bay.
With piteous cry she asked to be released,
And promised, if set free, to humbly bend
To discipline, however harshly shown.
The Princess kindly spoke, and, not in vain
Requested that the shackles might be loosed.
Across the awful gulf that parted them
Then shot a sudden hope of happier days.
That word of kindness broke the barrier down
And brought the weeping woman to her knees.
No longer reckless, hardened, full of strife,
But softened by that touch of sympathy,
As long as love holds sway in woman's heart
This gentle act of our much-loved Princess
Shall treasured be among her gracious deeds,
Showing what rich results small actions bring.

Oh, English mothers, daughters, sisters, wives,
Hasten, like her, to some poor prisoned one,
Perchance throughout that sad and lonely life
A loving word or look has ne'er been given.
Go to the wretched, fallen, destitute,
And tell them of a Saviour, who, you know,
Will break asunder every chain of sin.
Tell them, however steeped in crime or guilt,
He will forgive, if only they repent,
And trust in His almighty power to save;
For righteous ones He came not to redeem,
But sinners, from the evil of their ways.

—Lydia de Spon.

This and That.

To revive flowers, stand the stalks in warm salted water.

To restore the lustre of morocco or any other leather apply white of egg with a sponge.

To remove inkstains from silver or plated goods, rub in well a paste composed of chloride of lime and water.

If a little turpentine is added to the water used for scrubbing a floor it will give the room a delightfully fresh smell.

A most effective way of brightening brass or copper is to use sweet oil and putty powder, followed by an application of soap and water.

To prevent dust when sweeping tear newspapers into small pieces, soak the pieces in water, squeeze them out and sprinkle them over the floor before beginning to sweep.

To make a splendid furniture polish mix together a quarter of a pint of vinegar and the same quantity of spirits of wine, linseed oil and turpentine. Bottle the mixture and shake it well before using.

A good way to treat palms is to sponge the leaves once a week with lukewarm water to which a little milk has been added. After this the plant should stand for two hours in lukewarm water, enough to completely cover the pot.

Enamel baths may be cleansed in the following way: Take one tea-spoonful of dry salt, moisten it with spirits of turpentine, and rub this mixture well on the bath, which must be quite dry. Lastly, rub the bath over with a clean cloth.

The following mixture is a good polish for brown shoes: Take half a pint of skimmed milk, a quarter of an ounce of spirits of salt, the same quantity of spirits of lavender, the juice of one lemon and half an ounce of gum arabic. These ingredients should be mixed well together, bottled and corked tightly.

DOING OUR PART.

A merry heart, a willing mind,
A hand that works to-day, to-morrow,
Will seldom leave a man behind
In this poor world of toil and sorrow.
Be he a peasant or a lord,
This truth I have been learning ever,
Virtue will bring its own reward,
And God will bless our best endeavor.

The world is weary, sick of heart,
And many burdens might be lighter,
Let each strive well to do his part
And make some shaded pathway brighter.
This much I've learned, and more not know
To other men I am a debtor,
And, had as this poor world is, we
We all have power to make it better.

—Canon Burbidge.

It does not make heaven a fact, nor call earth a fiction.

OPENING OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

The New City of Industry Opened—The First Meetings a Huge Success—Enormous Crowds Attend—Windstorm Blows Down the Tent.

"The Salvation Army will open fire Saturday, July 5th." So ran the poster, and the news caused a thrill of excitement through this newly-born city.

Sault Ste. Marie, or "The Soo," as it is termed for abbreviation, is the key to the great lakes, once an important stragetic point in the wars of the early days; it now occupies a commanding position in the world of commerce. Past its gates flow the waters of the world's greatest waterway, and during the seven months when navigation is possible a constant stream of huge freighters and passenger ships passes up and down the St. Mary's River, through the Soo locks, carrying iron ore, wheat and lumber from Lake Superior to Lake Erie ports, and out to the broad bosom of the Atlantic, while thousands of tourists and sightseers flock during the holiday season to this interesting part of Canada.

Costly Canals and Locks.

The canals and locks at the Soo are a source of great interest to the visitor. The Canadian canal is 6,000 feet long, with a lock 900 by 60 feet, the longest in the world, and a draft of over 30 feet. It cost $4,000,000. The American canal has two locks. The Weitzel lock was completed in 1881, costing $2,000,000. It is 515 feet long by 80 feet wide, and a draft of 17 feet. The Poe lock was completed in 1896 at a cost of $4,000,000. It is 800 feet long and 100 feet wide, with a draft of 20 feet. During the seven months three tons of freight go through the Soo canal to every one that goes through the Suez canal. Eight large steamers can be locked through the Soo locks at one time.

A Beehive of Industry.

Through the indomitable energy of Mr. Francis H. Clergue and other capitalists, who have invested over one hundred million dollars, huge factories and hives of industry are springing up on every hand, bringing thousands of busy workers from all parts of the world. The Ontario Soo has grown in a short time from a population of 2,000 to over 14,000, and within a few years will unquestionably become a city of 40,000 or 50,000 inhabitants. The affiliated companies have a complete cycle of enterprises—the great Clergue furnaces, the Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Company and other manufactories. The pulp mill here is considered to be the largest in the world, having an output of one hundred and fifty tons of dry pulp and seventy-five tons of bleached sulphite pulp per day.

Opened Fire in a Tent.

These great enterprises have naturally brought together thousands of the very class of people the Army is best able to reach. Hence, after prospecting arrangements were pushed forward to plant the Army flag, through the kindness of Mr. Bassingthwaite a splendid site was secured to erect a large tent on the main street and right in the centre of the city.

The attacking force consisted of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering (Provincial officers), Staff-Captain Cass (Chancellor), Captains Corvian and Leggott, also Captain and Mrs. Le Cocq and Lieut. Crocker (the officers appointed to take charge).

Seven o'clock witnessed the opening fight, near the Windsor Hotel, where hundreds of men and women speedily gathered. Scarcely had the first verse of a song been sung when men began to throw in money, and gave other signs of their pleasure at the Army's coming. The large tent, which will hold 600, was packed, and as many on the grounds outside. As the Brigadier introduced the various members of the party, the people clapped and voiced their delight at the Army's coming, their one anxiety being we should stay.

Sunday was a glorious day; the meetings were full of Holy Ghost life and power. Curiosity was, of course, very rife, and made soul saving more difficult, but the Brigadier's addresses made a profound impression, while the singing and speaking of the other members of the party helped deepen the conviction. Five souls sought salvation, and a number of ex-Salvationists and church people were stirred up. On the Sunday night over one thousand people crowded in and around the tent.

A Cyclonic Caprice.

Monday night found us again with a large crowd round us. The weather had been growing more sultry and oppressive, and as we moved off the rumbling of distant thunder heralded the coming storm. Suddenly a wind of cyclonic strength sprang up. Trees bent before it, and we arrived near the grounds in time to see our large tent hurled over like paper. It was already three parts full; however, no one was hurt. The lightning flashed terribly, while large hailstones fell with the torrential rain. In spite of this, scores of willing hands assisted us to restore our tent, and by 9.30 we got things fairly straight again and the people flocked in begging for a meeting. We finished about 11 p.m., with a fine big fellow seeking mercy. Over sixty-three dollars was freely given in the collections.

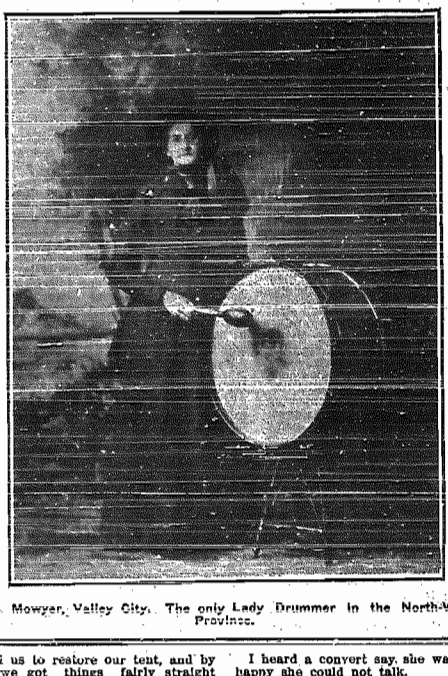
Light Ahead.

Captain and Mrs. Le Cocq and Lieut. Crocker have been well received, and there is every prospect of a glorious work being accomplished.

The kindness of several friends deserves special mention. Mr. and Mrs. George Woolrich have been untiring in their efforts to make our opening a success. Mr. Dawson and Mr. Young have also shown great kindness (we are indebted to the latter for the photos), while Mansign Rowan, furloughing here, sick as she is, helped in the opening arrangements.

Pray for the Soo and its first officers. It is fitting we should open fire on the Soo on the Army's thirty-seventh birthday.

No amount of pruning ever made peaches grow on fence-posts.



Mrs. Mowyer, Valley City. The only Lady Drummer in the North-West Province.

SEEN AND HEARD AT LEWISTON.

I saw things changed right about; in place of girls there are boys.

I heard they reached their Self-Denial target, $110, a month ahead of time.

I heard that eight converts sought salvation.

I heard the Captain say that Lewiston carries the honors for being first in the S.D. effort.

I heard a soldier say he once had as big an appetite for whiskey as a calf has for milk.

I saw and heard Staff-Captain and Mrs. Taylor. They are all right.

I heard a soldier say: "When I was an old drunk I was so low the dogs would not bark at me. Now they come along wagging their tails and are pleased to meet me."

I heard the Captain say that he had bought a bedroom suite, bedclothes and dishes for the quarters.

I saw "The Trip to the Klondike" on canvas.

I saw a man give the Captain a patent cooker for the quarters.

I heard Cadet Rickard farewell for the field.

I heard a convert say she was so happy she could not talk.

I heard the Captain say his wife was doing fine, and is able to walk again.

I saw a report in the War Cry about S.D. This should now be corrected, as I heard the Captain say they went $25 over their target.

I heard a soldier say, "I have kicked around thirty different States. I know what it is to have a hard time, to spend the last two bits for whiskey and leave my children without bread. Now I do not care if the potato patch turns upside down or not."

I saw Cadet Yerex, who is six feet two inches in height, selling War Crys. He told me this was the hardest thing he had to do before he came into the field; now he enjoys it and sells one hundred a week.

I heard the officers say they had no reason to complain, the people have treated them so well.

When you hear from me again, no doubt new officers will be on the scene. I heard the Captain say they were farewelling on the 6th of July.—Thimble.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY IN KINGSTON.

Visit Regularly the General Hospital, Jail, House of Industry and the Penitentiary—A Blessed Work Being Done.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark at the commencement of this brief account of the work of the

League of Mercy Sisters Visiting the Sick.

League of Mercy in the Limestone City that ministering to the sick and the more unfortunate of men and women to be found in the jail and penitentiary has become a great delight, and counted as an opportunity of doing something for the Kingdom seldom equalled and to be much prized.

In addition to other work, the League of Mercy Workers in Kingston visit seven wards in the General Hospital every week, where they sing, talk and pray with the sick. Many and varied are their experiences. One young girl was so glad recently to see a League member that she held up both hands and said: "I know you. I want you to ask the soldiers to pray for me. I am not right in my soul."

Another girl was dying, and sent for us. We sang, read and prayed with her, and the Lord came preciously near. We visited her again before she died, when she told us that she was saved and trusted alone in Jesus. She then asked her mother to tell her brothers to be good and meet her in Heaven. These two cases will give a good idea of the character of the work being done.

The meetings in the jail have also been of very great blessing, and souls have been troubled about their sins. One young man, weeping all through the jail meetings, told one of the members of the League that he was praying, and believed God would save him in the jail. Another old man testified that he had the delirium tremens twice, was in two engagements where the dead were lying all around him, and that the Lord had preserved him thus far, and it was now his intention to give Him the rest of his days for His goodness. Then the meetings in the House of Industry every Sunday morning have been splendid. In this institution there are from twenty to twenty-five old men. In our meetings some of the old men speak and help with the singing. God bless them! They enjoy our meetings, the War Cry and the Christmas treat.

The League of Mercy conducts also a meeting in the Penitentiary every three months. We have great reason to believe that God makes us a blessing to these poor souls, but only will it be revealed hereafter the extent of good accomplished.—Mrs. Babcock, S.M. League of Mercy.

Came Off Victorious.

Butto.—We have come off victorious in the Self-Denial effort. Adjt. Stevens was well pleased with the way both Seniors and Juniors took hold. Everyone worked with a will, and some not only reached their targets, but more than doubled them. We have just had a visit from Staff-Capt. Taylor. His meetings were much enjoyed, and though no one surrendered to God, many were convicted. We all say, "Come again, Staff-Captain and bring Mrs. Taylor with you."—The Pioneer.

The Red Knights AT THE TEMPLE.

In the Interests of the Fresh Air Camp —A Splendid Time in Every Way.

By the Commissioner's instructions the Red Knights of the Cross, in company with a few Headquarters Officers who form an orchestra, have commenced a week's campaign in the city of Toronto, for the purpose of raising funds for the Children's Fresh Air Camp at Oakville.

The Temple was the first corps visited, on Sunday and Monday last, and the success of the meetings financially and otherwise has been gratifying in the extreme. In every forward enterprise there are always difficulties to be overcome to a greater or lesser extent, but we can safely say on Sunday some very formidable obstacles made their appearance, the chief being that on the Sunday afternoon the whole city was out to pay their last respects to the brave firemen who sacrificed their lives in fighting the flames on Front Street. It might be said in this connection that the Army was not behind in showing their sympathy with the bereaved.

However, by a careful manipulation on the part of Brigadier Pugmire and the Knights, all things were worked in splendidly, and out of seeming defeat was brought a unique victory. The meetings on Sunday, inside, for the day, on the whole, were magnificently attended, the open-airs were all that could be desired, three or four souls at the mercy seat, the corps helped considerably financially, and thirty dollars secured for the Fresh Air Camp.

Staff-Captain Burditt and Captain Urquhart Spiritual Specials.

AT KINGSTON.

Fifty-Seven Souls Cry to God for Salvation and Sanctification.

Well, Jonathan, I suppose you are aware that this is our last night in Belleville?

Yes, sure enough; where do you go next?

Why, we leave for Kingston.

When?

Early to-morrow morning.

Do you think you can wake in time, Jonathan?

Yes, I think so, but to make sure if we will ask that dear sister on our Mary Ann to tap on the door.

I had the opinion that Mary Ann was a very gentle person, but the way she tapped that door was enough to wake four persons instead of two.

Very few minutes had gone by before we could be seen partaking of the good things for our temporal welfare, and the next place we found ourselves was at the wharf.

Is the boat coming, Jonathan?

No sir, I guess she is late.

Sure enough she was late, for we had to

Wait Three Hours.

Seven hours' sail down the beautiful river lands us at Kingston. Brother Pallout drove us to the quarters, where we met Adjt. McNamara with a smile on her face. By this time we needed a little more refreshment for the body.

The Adjutant can make a good cup of tea anyhow.

"Well, Adjutant," we queried, "how is your faith for a good stir-up among the half-hearted and the sinners?"

"Well, we have been praying a lot about it, and believe we are going to have a good time."

We soon found ourselves in our first meeting, and everything going with a swing. It was a soul-stirring time. The people seemed to drink in every word the Staff-Captain uttered. There was conviction, but none yielded.

But we were in for victory, and by the help of God we were sure it must ultimately come. And sure enough victory did come. The next meeting we had the joy of seeing

Eight Souls

coming to the cross.

Sunday's Meetings.

These meetings were good. The officers, band, and soldiers seemed to be with us in heart and hand, and ready to do anything that would help bring about a mighty out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. Every meeting got better, and everything seemed to bend in the right direction—that God's arm might be made bare in the salvation of many souls.

Our prayers and work was not in vain, for we could look back after the day's fight and give God the glory for

Fourteen Souls

that sought mercy and pardon.

But the special meetings did not end here. All through the week God was working and the devil kicking. The dry bones began to live, the fighting force was in good trim, and we had for our Captain a King that never lost a battle. The big gun was turned in the right direction, and many hair-hearted professors got a good shaking up, and many sinners fatally wounded. Fifty-seven seekers in all were registered during the campaign. To God we give the glory.—Jonathan.

Camp Meetings in the Queen's Park Pavilion, Barrie.

We have just concluded our revival campaign here in Barrie, which has been successful in nearly every way. I have been assisted by Staff-Capt. Manton, the veteran Salvationist, Capt. Trickey, T.H.S. (part of the time), and my two children, Bertie and Myrtle.

The services were well attended, especially on Sunday, when hundreds of people drank in the truth as it was spoken and sung. About one thousand people were present at the various services.

Several sought the Lord at the mercy seat and declared themselves to be on the side of right. It was quite a touching scene to see them coming out to the front and yielding themselves to God.

The singing of Bertie and Myrtle was very much enjoyed. Their little voices were heard in nearly every open-air and inside service. One man, a little under the influence of drink, rushed away from the open-air meeting saying, "I cannot bear to hear them sing; I have children of my own," which, unfortunately, he was not training for God. While out ticket-selling, Myrtle also sang a song in one of the bar rooms.

Several were enrolled under the flag at our farewell meeting. We also had an ice-cream festival.

The generosity of the people is shown in the fact that nearly $50 was the income for the week.

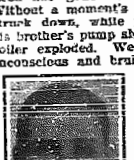
Ensign Smith and her aides, and the soldiers and friends, were the essence of kindness.

We were pleased to learn that Staff-Capt. Burditt's revival services, some time ago, has been a blessing to the town.—Brigadier Pugmire.

Promoted to Glory.

[The following report of the promotion of Bro. Duncan, Portage la Prairie, has been, by some inexplicable reason, delayed.—Ed.]

Portage la Prairie corps has just lost a faithful soldier, and the soldiers a loving comrade. Bro. Duncan McLeod has gone to be with Jesus. Without a moment's warning he was struck down, while passing through his brother's pump shop, in which the boiler exploded. We picked him up unconscious and bruised unto death,



but with the full knowledge in our hearts that he had been right with God.

One minute before the accident Captain Taylor asked him how he was getting along, to which he answered: "Fine, fine!" Those were his last words before the accident, but just as he died he uttered these words, "Oh, my God, come quickly!"

The funeral was the most touching scene I ever witnessed. Not a heart in the building left unmoved. Brother Duncan had been a band-boy, being the youngest member of the band, and the most unlikely to go. We have all pledged ourselves around his grave to meet him in heaven.

The following is taken from the daily paper, the Graphic:

On Sunday we conducted the memorial service, when those comrades who knew him best told of his life, told of the straight line drawn between himself and the world. There were also testimonies from his workmates of his good life. As the service went on God came down upon the meeting, and four souls came to Jesus. Duncan's old companion also has given his heart to God, and we are believing that he will fill the gap left by our dear comrade Duncan. Bro. Angus McLeod, Treasurer of the corps, and his wife gave us an insight of his life at home. They spoke feelingly of his goodness and unselfishness. Personally, my experience of our comrade was, I found him a real soldier; in the humdrum little things of our work, to fetch and carry, to go and tell, find something lost, he was a gem. Everybody turned to Dunk, always in his place, and as Capt. Taylor said, an example for us all.—Norman, Corps Cor.

SECRET EVILS.

In some waters a man may drive strong piles, and build his warehouses upon them, sure that the waters are not powerful enough to undermine his foundations; but there is an innumerable army of minute creatures at work beneath the water, feeding themselves upon those strong piles. They gnaw, they bore, they cut, they dig into the solid wood, and at last a child might overthrow those foundations, for they are cut through and eaten to a honeycomb. Thus by avarice, revenge, jealousy, and selfishness, men's dispositions are often cut through, and they don't know it.—H. Ward Beecher.

"WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?"

(Exodus iv. 2.)

By ADJT. A. BOGGS.

"WHAT is that in thine hand?" And he said, "A rod."

When this question was put to Moses, he little thought that with that rod, a most common-place thing—just a bit of wood—he would be able to accomplish so many wonderful deeds.

Some people think they could work for God anywhere else better than they can among their own friends. Moses felt this when he said they would not listen to him. But God helped him with the simple rod to be a leader for Israel, His own people.

"What is that in thine hand?"

If this question was asked many of our soldiers to-day, they would wonder what they could do.

God has entrusted into our keeping talents that should be used for His glory.

I remember once being called to the side of one of my soldiers who was dying. On entering her room, she asked me to sing, and she sang with me. Her voice was beautiful. In a few hours she passed away. I had been in the corps many months and never knew till she was dying what a sweet voice she had.

I thought then, What a pity not to use the talents God has given us, for the grave cannot praise Him. We may only have common-place talents, and yet accomplish much more for God than others more talented who have not God's Spirit.

We may be good and, therefore, great.

Your present opportunities. "What is in your hand" just now? Don't wait and put off doing your best for God and dying souls.

Moses pointed the rod over the Red Sea, and they passed through. What was it in the hand of Shamgar? With an ox-goad he slew 600 men. David, with his sling and stone, slew Goliath. The lad with the five barley loves and two fishes, supplied the hungry multitude—an example for the boys and girls to do something for Jesus. What was it in the hand of Dorcas? A needle, making garments for the widows and children. It was only two mites in the widow's hand, given to God, that the Master noticed more than that which the rich men gave; and then the woman who poured the alabaster box of ointment upon His head as He sat at meat.

Let us give Him the best offering—a heart consecrated to His service.

Let me not die before I've done for Thee
My earthly work, whatever that may be;
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled;
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled.
Impress this turn upon me: That not one
Can do my portion that I leave undone.

GUARD MOUNTING.

Place a guard over your strong points! Thrift may run into niggardliness, generosity into prodigality or extravagance, fearlessness may be pugilistic, tact become insincerity, power become oppression. Characters need sentries at their points of weakness, true enough, but often the points of greatest strength are periodically really points of weakness.

Someone has recently said: "Religious teachers must be up to date. They cannot meet gatling gun sin with bow and arrow theology. The great force and skill of the old principles must be given the advantage of every modern equipment. The truth does not change, but we learn more of it, see it better, handle it more wisely."

The Way of the WORLD

Canadian Cuttings.

Joshua Sanford, the well-digger, is making all reasonable progress towards recovery from the result of his terrible experience of four days underground.

Mr. Henry Sharpe, of Glen Miller, an old man aged 83, was killed while walking on the railway.

The trade returns for eleven months indicate that Canada's foreign trade will exceed $400,000,000 for the year ending June 30th last.

The body of Miss Maggie English, who has been missing from Keen since Saturday night, was found in the Indian River.

Mr. James Empey, a farmer near Napanee, was gored by a bull, and died from his injuries.

The T. H. Pratt Company's stock, at Hamilton, was destroyed by fire, and the building badly damaged. The loss is about $80,000.

Chief Jonathan, a prominent resident of the Onondaga Indian Reserve, was struck by lightning and killed.

Cecil Rennie, the nine-year-old son of the Principal of the Oakwood High School, was drowned while bathing.

The officers and men of the Coronation Contingent from Toronto and western and northern Ontario have arrived home.

Traffic with the west is still delayed by high water west of Medicine Hat. Passengers are being provided for at several towns by the railway company. The water is reported to be several feet over the track at one point near Calgary. The floods are the most serious experienced in years.

Mr. William Trimble, of Janesville, an Ottawa suburb, was so excited by a fire near his residence that he expired.

The large grain and storage warehouse of P. McIntosh & Son, Toronto, was destroyed by fire. Five brave Toronto firemen perished in the flames while on duty.

British Briefs.

The King's recovery is so regular and rapid that, according to present arrangements, he will go on board the royal yacht just three weeks after his operation.

Lord Kitchener has reached London, and was accorded a magnificent welcome.

Lord Salisbury resigned the Premiership of Great Britain, and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour succeeded him.

Queen Alexandra opened the Coronation Bazaar in aid of His Majesty's hospital fund.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained over 200 colonial visitors at St. James' Palace.

Lord Methuen has arrived in England from South Africa.

Shortly after Queen Alexandra passed on her way to open the Coronation Bazaar, the decorations across Langham Place, heavy and sodden with rain, were caught in a squall of wind and fell, dragging down a mass of coping from the top of All Souls' Church. Miss May Strathy, of Lachine, Quebec, was killed, and several other persons were injured.

The Earl of Arundel and Surrey, only son of the Duke of Norfolk, died at Arundel Castle, Sussex.

The London Daily Mail says the permanent garrison in South Africa is to be 50,000 men, under the command of Lieut.-General Lyttleton.

American News.

A number of deaths from heat prostration occurred in New York.

A mine explosion took place at Johnstown, Pa., and it is believed that the death number 200.

The Mayor and the Police Superintendent of Minneapolis were indicted for accepting bribes from criminals.

The losses incurred to date in the anthracite miners' strike are estimated at $52,000,000.

Two men named Benjamin Riley and Wm. Acre, arrested by Detective John Murray, are held at Fort Wayne, Ind., for extradition. They are charged with a series of burglaries and thefts of clover seed in Kent and Lambton Counties in 1900.

The strike of freight-handlers, at Chicago, involves 9,000 men.

Aguinaldo, who has been liberated at Manila by the President's amnesty proclamation, has been engaged to lecture in the United States, and will begin his tour at an early date.

Karl Von Boeckmann, who shot and killed his wife in her home in New York, and who also shot O. F. Farewell, who attempted to interfere in the woman's defence, has died. Farewell also died. Von Boeckmann, who had been released from prison, was angry at his wife because she refused to give him money, and after shooting her and Farewell he shot himself.

James Biade, Leck Allen, and James Murray, prisoners in the Buchanan County Jail, wrecked the rear wall of the jail building with a powerful charge of dynamite. They they made a fierce fight for liberty, but the guards beat them back with Winchesters. No one was injured by the explosion, although it was felt several blocks away.

The Des Moines River broke over the levee, in the south-eastern part of the city, and a score of families were driven from their homes. John Childs, a cripple, was rescued with difficulty, and boats were used in saving others. The steamer Lebman, the biggest of the river excursion boats, was sunk, and is in danger of breaking up. At midnight more than 2½ inches of rain had fallen in ten hours. The Raccoon is two miles wide through Dallas and Green Counties, and sweeping over crops on the bottom lands. Reports from the upper Des Moines and Raccoon indicate that the flood has not reached its greatest height.

John Henderson, who, eighteen years ago, was the official executioner for the Canadian Government in the North-West Territory, and who hanged Louis Reil, the leader of the rebellion of 1885, is dead as the result of an operation.

International Items.

Ernest Buhmer, of Berlin, the physicist, has invented a system of wireless telephony. His experiments have been successful over a distance of three miles. The invention acts on the principle of the transformation of light waves to sound waves by using a searchlight and a microphone.

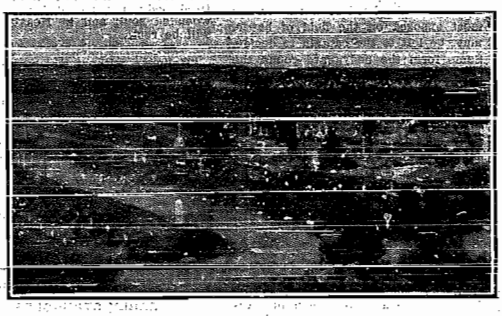
The Duchess of Atholl (who was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe) died while on her way from the village of Salso Maggiore, near Parma, Italy, to Axenfels, Switzerland.

Advices received from the Island of St. Vincent say that three earthquake shocks were experienced there within four hours.

The Queen of the Belgians is seriously ill.

In a despatch dated Shanghai, the correspondent there of the Daily Express says that thirteen English and American boys attending Isaiah mission school at Chefoo were seized with illness after partaking of chicken pie. Twelve of the boys died, says the correspondent, supposedly from ptomaine poisoning.

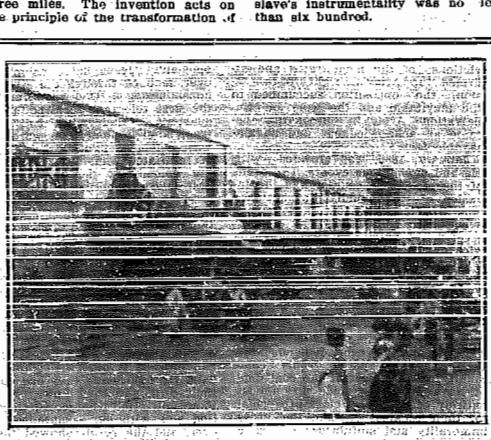
The Rhone has broken through the river wall at Illarsaz, Canton of Valais, submerging the plain between Vionnaz and Von Vry. Traffic on the St. Maurice line is at a standstill in consequence. Over a hundred yards of the wall collapsed. There is considerable anxiety among the inhabitants of the lowlands.



Military Cemetery, Bloemfontein, O.R.C.

THROUGH ONE SLAVE'S SALVATION.

Before the negro slaves in the British West Indies were emancipated a regiment of soldiers were stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second and a third, and so on. This he faithfully carried out, though severely flogged by the master of the plantation. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same there, and when at length liberty was proclaimed throughout the island and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every negro who could read, the number sought through this slave's instrumentality was no less than six hundred.



Malay Quarters, Cape Town, S.A.

Lost and Found.

By SISTER ALICE EMMS, St. John, N.B.

Without a chart or pilot wise
The wanderer drifts on life's dark sea;
Above him are the frowning skies,
Before him lies eternity.
He has no hope the port to win,
No sheltering harbor meets his gaze,
The threatening winds around him roar,
And rising waves his soul dismays.
And as he views the gathering storm,
Cries he to God in dire alarm:
"Lord save, oh, save me now!"
But who can speak the joy he feels,
When at the cross he humbly kneels?
And willing there to leave his all,
He listens for the welcome call—
"Oh, wandering child, come home."
Then when the Saviour takes command,
His trembling bark to guide and keep,
He fears no hidden rocks below,
No storm that rages o'er the deep.
No more he trembles with affright
When clouds obscure the evening star,
Nor dreads the fast-approaching night,
When he must cross the harbor bar.
With swelling sails, and anchor clear,
He waits the welcome sound to hear,
Of, "Faithful child, come home."
And who can paint the rapture sweet,
When pardoned souls with Jesus meet?
Life's cares and trials all are o'er,
And standing on the heavenly shore
He hears the glad "Well done!"

WHAT SALVATION DOES.

A fine-looking man came into the Editorial Office the other day and said, holding out a large pipe-wrench:

"I stole this from this building about three years ago, and having given my heart to God the other night, I have come to give you back your property."

We could hardly grasp the meaning at first, so suddenly did he thrust it upon us, but as he was going out of the office door again, a "God bless you," followed him, which came from our hearts.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make their Wills, and desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

[illegible] good intentions of our friends are often made useless in consequence of their Will not being in conformity with the law relative to charitable bequests. The following course of action is therefore recommended. If the property of a Testator, arising to be disposed of, is of a kind, such as Foreign Bonds, Canal Shares, Cash in Deposit, Shares in Trading Companies, Government Stock, Mortgages, Debentures, Railway Shares in Gas, Electric Light or Power, Water, or Industrial Companies, Stock in Trade, Plant, etc., and there is Money or [illegible]

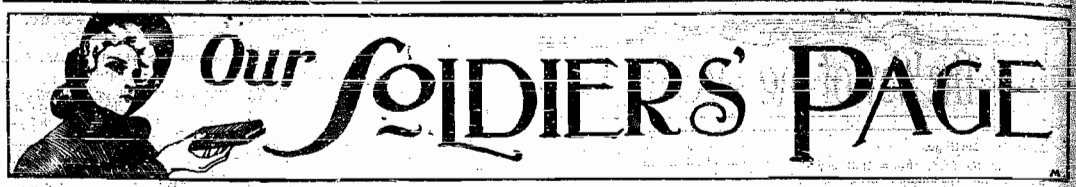
"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH TO COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, or other the Commissioner or Chief Officer for the time being, of THE SALVATION ARMY in the Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America, the sum of $[illegible] to be used or applied by her or him at her or his discretion for the purposes of the Salvation Army in the said Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America."

Directions for Execution of Will.

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must both be present together when he executes it, and who must sign their names, addresses and occupation on the same page as the end of the Will. The best method is to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and tell the witnesses that he wants them to be witnesses to it, and then all three sign the Will in each others' presence, and no more of the three signers until they have all signed.

The Testator will always be [illegible] further advice, or will need assistance in [illegible] Will or otherwise, may still wish any communications made to him on the subject as strictly private and confidential.

Address: COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, [illegible] and additional to COMMISSIONER E. C. BOOTH, S. A., Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario. [illegible]



Daily Readings

"And Saul said unto David . . . Be thou valiant for me,

SUNDAY. and fight the Lord's battles."—1 Sam. 18, 17. All Christians are soldiers. But who shall have the hardest work, or be most exposed on the field of battle, must be left to the captain to decide. Some form the bodyguard round the general and see his face daily, and have no dangers to encounter. But they are liable to be sent into the thick of the battle as much as others. Even so Christ, the Captain of our salvation, allots to His soldiers each his own place. But all have the same Master, the same help, the same hope, and shall receive the same reward, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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"Sin not."—Ps. 44. One sin brings ruin. He drowns as sure-

MONDAY. ly who has his head beneath one inch of water as he who, with a weight hanging about him, has sunk a hundred fathoms down. Let the strain of the tempest come, and the ship that has one bad link in her cable as certainly goes on shore to be dashed on the rocks as another that has twenty bad links. Those who speak of great or little, of few or many sins, seem to forget that man's ruin was the work of one day, and of one apparently small sin. The weight of only one sin sank this great world into perdition, from which it was only rescued by the coming of the Saviour from Heaven.—Dr. Guthrie.

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"Blessed is he whose sin is covered."—Ps. 32: 1. Oh, the

TUESDAY. misery caused by sin! Since Adam's fall the world has been groaning in pain. Take for an example one single item in the list of woes—namely, the slave hunts, which have spread through nearly the whole of Africa desolation and death. Think of a peaceful village surrounded in the darkness of night and set on fire by the slave hunters. Picture the blazing huts, the slaughter of those who defend themselves, the others borne away in chains, one-half gradually whitening the desert with their bones, the remainder sold into bitter bondage from which only death can set them free. Multiply this scene ten thousand times, and you may form some feeble idea of the contributions to the world's woe which a single source will yield. It is almost impossible to commit a sin which will not involve someone else. No wonder that the Bible tells us that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together."—Trench.

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"The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

—Ezek. 18, 4. A

WEDNESDAY. ship's crew mutinied on the high seas. They rose in rebellion, and took the control of the ship into their own hands. After this things went on as before. The regular watches were set; the ship was steered, the sails were spread. But still they were all guilty of mutiny, and under the laws of their country were all condemned to death. So it is with all sinners. Instead of serving God and doing His will, they do their own will and go their own way. They may do some things that are right, but until they obtain pardon for their sin and submit themselves entirely to God as their Master, they are under a sentence of death. "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

"For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes

THURSDAY. from tears."—Ps. cxvi. 8. Tears come from sorrow, suffering and pain. Where there is holiness there must be happiness. Earth is verily a "sea of troubles"; we are tossed about by cares, anxieties, doubts and dangers, and the soul yearns for rest more than for anything else. Rest for the tired body, the troubled mind, the wounded soul, and in Heaven there will be rest.

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"Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."—Heb.

FRIDAY. xii. 14. The holiness of Heaven. Who are the inhabitants of Heaven? There is God the Father. There is Jesus. There is the Holy Ghost—the three Divine Persons whom the angels address as "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts." Then there are the holy angels who do His holy will. And there are also the saints who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The whole atmosphere of Heaven is holiness, and "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

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"We shall see Him as He is."—1 John, 3. The eyes of

SATURDAY. all, sinners and saints, will see the Judge, but only the redeemed will see God in Heaven. Job said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth . . . in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold." Abraham, who endured as seeing (by faith) Him who is invisible. David, who said, "When I awake up after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it." The eyes of the blind shall be opened to see God. Wonderful vision! Faith turned into sight, and that forever.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA.—(Continued.)

EARLY STRUGGLES.

Grand as was the Canadian advance of 1885, the onward march for 1886 was still more glorious. It is a matter of impossibility to crowd in the space the Cry can afford anything like a graphic account of all the advances made, the victories won and the territory occupied during the year. But we would claim the indulgence of our readers while we lay before them a resume of some of the early fighting and advances made, although such narrations must necessarily be cramped and crude enough for the

Mighty Events

of which it treats. A large number of new corps was opened from one end of the Territory to the other. We will do well to give an account of some of these early battles. At that beautiful spot called Brockville, for example, there was a life or death struggle; the authorities seemed determined not to tolerate the open-air work, although the people were fairly well disposed to the Army. The

Captain and Cadet Were Arrested

the first Sunday, and fines and imprisonment were resorted to; reinforcements, however, were sent on, and our people stuck doggedly to their principles, meetings were crowded, many souls were gloriously saved, and the foundation of a grand work for God was laid down. The judges of the land quashed the convictions of the magistrates and affirmed the Army's right to procession, the opposition succumbed to the inevitable and the work of the Salvation Army in Brockville became an acknowledged and unpalatable fact.

January, 1886, was crowded with big and momentous events. The event of the month, of course, was the invasion of Newfoundland; but we must first look at a few of the smaller events.

On the 12th the Ottawa, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia divisions made a simultaneous advance. The openings were all marked by the crowds who professed conversion, and each developed into

Important and Flourishing Stations.

A report at the time goes on to say: "The Mines," however, demands more than a passing notice. This community, in the heart of the coal field of Nova Scotia, is made up almost entirely of miners, a class proverbial for their recklessness and the gross immorality and sinfulness of their lives; in fact, it has been one of the "dark spots" of our Dominion. Drink, gambling and profligacy were the marked characteristics of the masses of its people. No sooner, however, had the announcement that 'the Army was coming' passed around, than the whole place was moved with

Excitement and Curiosity.

Contrary to reasonable expectations, we were received with every demonstration of respect, and vast crowds of attentive, orderly people were present at our first meetings. God met with this people at the outset; sixty-four souls was the first week's report, and many and marvellous were the conversions. Homes have been purified, despairing hearts deep down in sin have been brightened, souls have been saved and sanctified. Nay, more; deep down into the bowels of the earth has this Salvation work penetrated, and the coal mines once resounding with blasphemy and obscenity are to-day re-echoing with the praises of God, and in this place, with its surroundings of danger and death, shut out from the light of day, where sin did much abound, hath grace and salvation much more abounded."

Newfoundland Bombarded.

The last day of this month was the first of the Newfoundland struggle. This proved an epoch in the Army's history. When the D.O. arrived at St. John's with his lassies he found the halls that had been promised and rented closed against him, and, shut off from all resources, he took to the open-air. "Jesus hated as much as ever, mobbed through the streets, our house besieged, God with us," read the first telegram received at Headquarters. "God with us!" How true, how prophetic the words! It was a fearful fight, a howling mob of infuriated semi-civilized, unfortunate women and men broke up the first open-air meeting. Women threatened and assaulted on the face our lassies, heaping on them epithets of the foulest calumny. For a time it seemed as though all would stand calmly by and see this devoted little band done to death by the sin-stricken crowd they had come to rescue. What had they come for? Look at the crowd that surrounded them. "Was there not a cause?" Was this mass of humanity to go on streaming into endless perdition without an eye to pity or a hand to save? God had ordered it otherwise; this little band He had sent; they had come to their own, and their own received them not. But what could they do? God was with our comrades, however, and the result showed the expediency of the brave fight of our early warriors.

At last the honor and The Pity of the Island were Touched.

The press took up the matter; no people could stand by and see this devotion and self-sacrifice hounded to death, and so the reaction set in. No need to rent a building; soon one was purchased, and as soon as the "blood-and-fire" flag was planted on its roof, and Calvary's Christ lifted up within, a wave of salvation swept the place and sinners by hundreds flocked to His feet and found pardon and cleansing in His blood. If these Newfoundlanders are anything they are thorough; soon the very worst of the mob were marching in our ranks and lifting up Jesus to their old companions, and the devil-inspired persecutors of Christ became in their turn the persecuted of hell.

The position of the Army in Newfoundland to-day is unique, and a finer body of whole-hearted Salvationists cannot be found anywhere else in the world.

(To be continued.)

DO YOU GIVE GOD YOUR FIRST FRUITS?

It has only been of recent years that rice has been cultivated in Jamaica. Coming across a field apparently fit to be cut, I asked the coolie to whom it belonged to give me a little, which I wished to carry as a curiosity to my wife. He replied in his broken English:

"Me can't gee you. Mus' fust cut him gimme Massa God."

"What do you know about Massa God?" I asked.

"Massa God too much good fe me side," he said. "Me sick, no habbee money, call doctor, me ax Him Massa God. Him say, you get up. Me get up, feber done. Massa God too much good, sah!"

"But how can you give Massa God rice?" I asked.

He replied: "Mus' fust clean him plenty plenty; put him sun side. Whole day say prayer. Sun go down sea side, mus' call any poor somebody, and geme. No same as gee Massa God?"

Here, then, was a so-called heathen giving his first fruits to God and trusting Him for healing in time of sickness. How many Christians do either the one or the other?

THY WILL.

If Christ would have me where I am,
Here I will stay;
If He would have me as I am,
I say not nay;
If He should bid me forward go,
Obey I must;
Although to me the way be dark,
Him I can trust.

And should He grant me active work,
I would be glad,
But though He bid me waiting be,
I'll not be sad;
And should He give me health and strength,
They are His own;
And though a life of pain be mine,
I'm not alone.

And though the fires around me burn,
My God is near;
And with Him ever by my side,
I've naught to fear;
And if a life of constant pain
Be His decree,
I'll work for Jesus where I am,
And cheerful be.

And when my Saviour calls me home,
I then shall know
The reason for my trials fierce
While here below;
And well I know that Heaven's bliss
Shall fully pay
For all the pain and sorrow of
The narrow way.

The Transformation of Mr. Muldoon.

In the beginning Mister Muldoon objected to Kings and queens. He said, lounging easily, but not elegantly, on his favorite rostrum in the bar of "The Roebuck," that he "hadn't any us for r'yalties. 'Wouldn't give a pint of ale for a waginload of 'em." This statement was received with applause till a squeaky voice in the corner opined that if certain r'yalties knew a'much about Mister Muldoon as some other people did they wouldn't give nothin' for a shipload of him, and think him dear at the price, too.

Public (house) opinion, always fickle, and wanting soberness, at once sided, laughing, with the little red-nosed cobbler, and then closed in to hear the two rivals batter one another with words.

Mister Muldoon was a politician. His wife, who took in washing, was wont to remark that it would be better for all concerned if he did a little less bellowing at the House of Lords and a little more hunting for a job. When he was not painting and papering houses (which was often) he discoursed to all who would listen on the disadvantages of belonging to the laboring class, mingling with the lecture bitter and imaginative portraits of

"Capitalists" and "Aristocrats."

Almost any time you walked down Flip street you would be sure of seeing Mister Muldoon with a dirty white apron tied by strings about his neck and waist, with a well-colored clay pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, leaning over a gate studying the affairs of the nation, or walking with a solemn face towards "The Roebuck."

"I'm a hardworking, respectable, honest citizen," he remarked continually in his orations. Which was a pleasant delusion of Mister Muldoon's. Also he said he "wanted his rights." What these were nobody quite understood, but they were popularly supposed to include an income of £10,000 a year and the privilege of ensiving any person bearing a title. If he had had some of the rights given by law, and had the policeman done his duty, Mister Muldoon would frequently have had the happiness of contributing various sums of money to his beloved country in consideration of his being "drunk, disorderly and incapable."

Besides being a politician, Mister Muldoon was a great religionist. To hear him criticize the various creeds, show where the theology and practice of bishops, priests, pastors, ministers and people were at fault, and up old "the middle course" of believing all the Bible taught (he never read his Bible, and once he pawned it), was to be lost in wonder at the workings of the human intellect as shown in the

"Broad-Minded British Workman"

Mister Muldoon declared he was.

When he was "mellow" Mister Muldoon would pathetically refer to his childhood's days, his dear old mother, the church at home and his aforetime purity and goodness. Then, in a spasm of benevolence and gin, he vowed he "loved all religions. All on 'em. They're my brothers. I brings my children up religious. If they don't go to Sunday school I gives 'em a threshing. I'm a religious man. I believe in religion. The only thing I can't abide is them sneakin', squallin' hypocrites, the Salvation Army." And passing suddenly from tears and pathos to anger and clamor, Mister Muldoon told what he knew about "General Booth and all his crowd." He knew some very remarkable things about them, too.

So on Sunday afternoons, when the local detachment of the Army arrived, Flip Street deferred "laying down on the bed for a nap," and hung up its windows and opened its doors to see the fun.

The run commenced by Mister Muldoon seating himself on a wooden chair at his gate and making inappropriate remarks during the first prayer about "hypocrites" and "blackguards." Afterwards he stood on the chair and declaimed warmly against the iniquity of the Salvation Army collecting poor people's "hard-earned pennies with which to "swallow in luxury." Then the policeman came along and expostulated with Mister Muldoon, and sometimes Mister Muldoon hurled himself into the ring of Salvationists and danced before the drummer, urging him "to come on and have it out like a man," and the policeman pulled Mister Muldoon out, and the Sergeant-Major

Came to Have a Word With Both

and the children ran in and out the circle, and the Salvationists went on singing and praying and testifying, and Flip Street hung out of its windows and enjoyed itself heartily.

"You'll be one of us yet!" cried the Salvationists.

Mister Muldoon cursed and swore by all his gods that he would die first. Then the Army marched away, saying, "God bless you! Come and get saved!" to everybody, and Flip Street shut the windows and went to sleep till tea-time.

I think Mister Muldoon must have loved the Army secretly and been of that genus of lovers which at first hates its paradom and rails against the beloved, for no power could keep him away from the Salvationists. They would not have him in the barracks, he disturbed the meetings, but he would leave his beer on the counter of "The Roebuck" at the first sound of the drum and rush out to listen. And he thrashed his boy Tom for going in their place, yet gave him a penny directly afterwards.

One night in the winter there came a short man with a big, bass voice who testified to Flip Street and even to the people "up the mews" that drunkards could be saved—he was once a drunkard; that Socialists and spouters could be saved—he had been both; that men with an awful ache inside their hearts could be set at rest and live happy for evermore—he'd had that ache, and now had lost it and was happy, happy, happy! Glory to God! The Salvationists cried "Amen!" and the drummer executed a fantasia in rolls.

Mister Muldoon had been listening in the darkness. He stepped off the pavement and plucked the speaker by his sleeve. "I want a word with you."

"All right. Go on, comrades," said the other.

The two went off to Mister Muldoon's gate. Nobody knows what they said, but all Flip Street knows that Mister Muldoon knelt that night in the mud before the drum and howled so that the

Youngest Children Were Frightened.

What made him do that? The Salvationists said it was the power of God speaking through a man to a heart that had often been stirred and convicted of sin before. Flip Street could not comprehend it. There were heavy bets at "The Roebuck" on the length of the conversion. Gossip and talk ran high. Two things are certain. Mister Muldoon went no more to "The Roebuck" (Missis Muldoon walked down to pay his score, and gave the loungers a large piece of her mind on the matters of "drinkin' and laffin' and sneerin' at my husband 'cause he's tryin' to live right and do right by his wife and children. A lot o' ne'er-do-wells an' guzzlers, that's what you are! If I'd my way I'd send you all to the Salvation Army, but I'd give you a cat-o'-nine tails first," etc., etc.)

Adjt. Perry.

Flip Street heard many more orations from Mister Muldoon. He said he had not retired from public life—had merely retired from the public-house bar. He hoped to do a lot more speechmaking yet, and do his neighbors good. (Ironical cheers). He saw now he had been a fraud. It wasn't his business to call other people names, but mend his own evil life." (That's it! Good ole Muldoon! Chuck it off your chest, old chap!") God helping him, he meant to look after the missis and the kids (he was going to help her in the laundry when there was no other job to be had), and bring 'em up to serve their country and do their duty by high and low. He reckoned he'd chuck politics for a time (Captain said they didn't practise much political music in the Army) and see about squaring things up a bit at home, paying the grocer, and so on. (Laughter.) "So I wish you all well, and I know you wish me well—("You ole humbug!" and uproar)—an' Christ has saved me, I believe, and I'm going to try and do right by all men."

And that is the sum and substance of the story of hundreds of Mister Muldoons, who, having been only subjects for sorrow, the police court and the workhouse, are now, by the grace, mercy and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, transformed into quiet, hard-toiling, peaceable, good subjects of the King and soldiers of the Salvation Army.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE WORK BEING DONE IN OUR SPOKANE LIBERTY HOME.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN JOST.

The Rescue Home in Spokane was opened May 16th, 1896. It will possibly be interesting to know that the following officers have in turn been in charge: Ensigns Fitzpatrick, Smith, Milner, Adjt. Mrs. Langtry (better known as "Mother" Langtry, now gone to her reward), Ensign Ogilvie and the present matron. During this time one hundred and fifty women or girls and eighty-eight children have been sheltered beneath its roof. Forty-nine of these children were born in the Home, while thirty-nine were taken in with their mothers. These different cases remained with us for terms varying from assisted cases staying some days or weeks, to those remaining several months—in one case eighteen months.

They came under various circumstances and from nearly all classes. The poor girl betrayed and deserted to find shelter and care for herself and worse than fatherless little one; the poor morphine, drink or cigarette fiend, tortured by an unconquerable habit—except by the all-conquering power of God's salvation; the deserted wife and mother, with her little ones, to seek shelter until some other door opened; the young girl sent by the police to have a chance to retrieve her first step in the path of wrong-doing; the woman sick of a life of gained sin, to seek a purer and better life, all to find a welcome and at least a chance to obtain that help upwards for which they came. The greater number left us either for situations or to rejoin their friends, while others, we grieve to say were unsatisfactory, and left to return to their old life. Yet even to these last-named we believe the Home was made some blessing. Their lives must be somewhat better for its influence, even though for such a short time. The seed shown will doubtless be seen "after many days." Just a few cases culled from the many:

E. ——, a farmer's daughter deceived under promises of marriage, driven from home, she wandered from place to place until, hearing of our Home, she came, was converted and went home to her parents.

J. ——, a schoolgirl of only 15, deceived by a married man, brought to us by her heart-broken parents. Sent home converted.

M. ——, a broken-hearted woman whose husband had deserted her for another. On the verge of suicide, she heard of our Home, where she found the great burden-bearer and returned to her friends a changed woman.

S. A. Liberty Home, Spokane, Wash.

A. ——, aged 15. Father a drunkard, mother and sisters in sporting houses. Was saved in the Home and went to situation.

J. ——, only 15, and a cripple, brought to us by a man who professed to be her uncle, who had ruined her life. She was converted and sent to her mother.

Such is part of the record of the past. We have just had a letter from a dear girl who is at present traveling in a show. We quote from her letter: "I am at present traveling in a show. I have been saved, but am now unsaved, and my life is miserable. Will come to the Home and work for nothing, just to have a chance to get saved. Pray for me. I believe God will open up the way."

We have written her to come at once, and pray that she may prove one of many trophies won for Christ during 1902.

POSSESSING ONE'S SOUL.

Every man worthy of the name of man should know how to possess his soul—bearing with patience those things which energy cannot change, and the evil of which impatience only increases. This patient possession of one's soul stretches far and wide; it covers all the domain of social life—all the tract of inter-relation with others. It means patience with every kind of outside annoyance that cannot be removed by vigorous exertion. It does not mean patience with removable nuisances or curable evils, which want a big broom and a strong hand to make a clean sweep of them before the sun goes down. But there are both nuisances and evils which cannot be swept away in this high-handed fashion, which can only be removed by patient endeavor and unwearied repetition; and then the possession of the soul comes in as a faculty akin to the grand creative and transforming power of nature—working bit by bit, and inch by inch, silently, patiently, "without haste or rest."

The Mayor of Findlay, Ohio, has issued orders to the effect that every woman found drinking or loitering in saloons shall be arrested.

Mrs. Jane Ann Creswell, of Spokane Corps, who was promoted to glory from Deep Creek, Wash., on June 11th, at midnight.

THE WAR CRY

EVANGELINE BOOTH, COMMISSIONER

PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Hoss, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 10 Albert Street, Toronto.

All communications relating to the contents of the WAR CRY, manuscripts for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All accounts and notices on matters relating to subscriptions, despatch and changes of address, should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.

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GAZETTE.

Promotions—

ENSIGN SNOW, of Tilt Cove, to be ADJUTANT, and appointed to Newfoundland Provincial Headquartera

Capt. White, of Ridgetown, to be ENSIGN, and appointed G. B. M. Travelling Financial Special, W. C. P.

Lieut. Foote, Garnish, Nfld., to be Captain.

Lieut. Kearly, Western Bay, Nfld., to be Captain.

Lieut. Holder, Mount Vernon, Wash., to be Captain.

Cadet James Hogan to be Pro-Captain at Clinton.

Cadet C. Oke to be Pro-Captain at Uxbridge.

Cedet Wilks, Toronto Rescue Home, to be Pro-Lieutenant.

Cadet Cora Jones to be Pro-Lieutenant at Burk's Falls.

Cadet Lottie Darch to be Pro-Lieutenant at Ahmic Harbor.

Cadet M. Contemanche to be Pro-Lieutenant at Gravenhurst.

Cadet Thomas Scarff to be Pro-Lieutenant at Orillia.

Cadet R. Clark to be Pro-Lieutenant at Dovercourt, Toronto.

Cadet Martha Parker to be Pro-Lieutenant at Essex.

Cadet Madie Davis to be Pro-Lieutenant at St. Thomas.

Cadet William Richardson to be Pro-Lieutenant at Clinton.

Cadet Harry Barnard to be Pro-Lieutenant at New Glasgow.

Cadet Sadie Gilbank to be Pro-Lieutenant at Kentville.

Cadet Mary Copeland to be Pro-Lieutenant at Carleton.

Cadet Jcseph McKay to be Pro-Lieutenant at Houlton.

Cadet John Wallace White to be Pro-Lieutenant at Digby.

Cadet Jennie Whales to be Pro-Lieutenant at Louisburg.

Cadet May T. Henderson to be Pro-Lieutenant, Educational Department, St. John's, Nfld.

Cadet Leona Palmer to be Pro-Lieutenant, Educational Department, St. John's, Nfld.

Cadet Laura White to be Pro-Lieutenant, Educational Department, St. John's, Nfld.

Appointments—

ADJT. AYRE, Spokane, to Great Falls and Butte District.

ADJT. STEVENS, Butte, to Vancouver Corps and B. C. Coast District.

ADJT. BLACKBURN, New Westminster, to Nelson, B.C.

ADJT. WHITE, Great Falls, to Helena, Mont.

ADJT. NELSON, New Westminster, to Rossland, B.C.

ADJT. BOGGS, Twillingate, to Bay Roberts Corps and District.

ADJT. BROWN, Carbonear, to Bonavista Corps and District.

ADJT. GOSLING, Slum Corps, to Carbonear Corps and District.

ADJT. HISCOCK, Bay Roberts, to Grand Bank Corps and Southern District.

ADJT. SPARKS, Greenspond, to Tilt Cove Corps and District.

ENSIGN LARDER, Rossland, to Spokane Corps.

ENSIGN CUMMINS, Missoula, to Spokane Shelter.

ENSIGN SCOTT, Nelson, to Everett, Wash.

ENSIGN SOUTHALL, Nanaimo, to Greenwood, B.C.

ENSIGN SHEARD, Helena, to Fernie, B.C.

ENSIGN BARKER, Bonne Bay, to Exploits Corps and District.

ENSIGN PITCHER, Bonavista, to Greenspond Corps and District.

ENSIGN BURRY, Burin, to Twillingate Corps and District.

Marriage—

ADJT. W. H. ORCHARD, who came out from Wrexell, I.O.W., in 1891, and is now on Special Work in the West Ontario Province, to STAFF-CAPT. HOPKINS, of the U. S. A., at London, Ont., on July 1st, 1902, by Major McMillan.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

To Mother's Sons.

Recently we received a letter from a woman who has been a Salvationist for many years, but who, of recent years on account of an increasing family, found it difficult to go out to many meetings or open-air. She looks with regret upon the time when, as a single girl, no tie hindered her from taking her place in the march, or on the platform, and thinks that much of her former usefulness is gone. We refer to this letter because at various times we have read or listened to similar expressions, and because we think this is such a far-reaching and deep-going question that we prefer to answer the letter in this column. This is our reply:—

Your children have the first claim upon your affection, your time, your consideration, your efforts, your toil, your tears, and your prayers. The training of your child is an infinitely greater task, and if successfully carried out, an immensely greater accomplishment than any other thing, or all other things combined, that you can do. The training of a child is the moulding of a soul and the creation of a character.

Whatever you may be able to do, in meetings or in private visitation, for others, will be only a passing help compared with the time spent in the development of a child's mind.

Therefore, you should most highly value and appreciate your work in the family circle. You are the trusted and loved friend, counsellor, and life's companion of a useful man. As such, your influence upon him must be of necessity very great and you have a large share in his achievement for this event, even though it be indirectly. Then you are the mother of a happy family of children, whose future usefulness and place in the world depends very largely upon the training you give them, for the foundation of a child's character is formed in the tender years, when impressions are most distinct and remain longest. No amount of schooling will ever alter materially the cast of disposition received the first six years in the home.

Considering, then, your position as wife and mother the most honorable and influential of a woman (just as the highest place of influence of any man is that of husband and father) you should reconcile yourself to any duty, disappointment, or sacrifice such position may bring with it, and then you will have no difficulty to decide whenever a choice lays before you.

Nevertheless, you owe the world something as well. Because you are married and have a family you are not supposed to devote your entire time to them, and cut loose from every other claim. You have your opportunities of blessing and helping in many ways. You will find it possible to arrange your home affairs so that you can attend certain meetings. You may teach a Junior Company. You may visit among other wives of Salvationists and cheer those that possibly have greater struggles than you, and into whose sorrows you can enter better than anyone else. There is no need to numerate all the many avenues of usefulness that are open to you without interfering with your duties at home.

Remember, it is living that influences. It is not talking, or writing, or singing, or marching, or visiting—but LIVING. You can live consistently, and that will constantly generate and radiate a mighty influence far beyond your knowledge. Live consistently, therefore, and that means do the nearest duty, small or great, as you know it ought to be done, or as you would tell others to do it, and you will find your life filled and enriched with the consciousness of filling your God-given place to the best of your ability.

Toronto's Holocaust.

A tragedy which deeply moved the entire city and province was enacted on Thursday, when, in the early hours of the day a disastrous fire broke out near the market, in a building occupied by a flour and feed firm. How the fire broke out is a mystery, but it gained with incredible rapidity, roaring with the heat of a furnace in the baled hay, and igniting other buildings. Although the fire brigades were out within five minutes of the alarm, the fire was soon beyond control. On the west side, in a lane, a number of firemen were playing the hose upon a wall, which suddenly collapsed, burying under its debris five firemen, who were, after long and hard work, found horribly crushed and burned beneath the not bricks. It is supposed that the large quantity of water from the hose swelled out the grain within the building and pushed out the wall.

The funeral of the five victims was an evidence of the universal sympathy of the public. The streets from the Cathedral to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, were lined with sorrowful masses of people. Many hundreds of men marched in the procession, and five massed bands of the city, including all military bands, played very impressively, and many carriages were required to convey the mass of floral offerings.

There is a more persistent and inquitous fire burning in the midst of our nation: Sin is destroying character, damaging morality, and damning souls. Oh, for heroic firemen to fight its greedy flames and to stay its fearful ravages.

WANTED!—A million of men to join the fire brigade of the Saviour of the world.

Bracebridge Item.

(Special)

Splendid day—visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, and Capt. Leggot. Crowds very good in spite of excessive heat. God worked mightily in all meetings. Seven souls at the mercy seat. Some interesting cases—one an ex-officer. Collections excellent. Captain and Mrs. Howell's youngest child dedicated Sunday afternoon. The officers have a good hold and are loading the corps on grandly.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—Jeremy Taylor.

Territorial Newslets.

All weeks are crowded with work at the Territorial Headquarters, but the past one has been exceptionally busy, as in addition to the ordinary duties of the Headquarters Staff, the Commissioner's latest scheme, the Fresh Air Camp, has been receiving much attention. The erecting of the tents at Oakville comprised no small share of the work, but the smiling faces of the children as they followed the Headquarters Staff Band to the S.S. White Star, which was to take them for a two weeks' outing, away from the grim and heat of the tenement populated parts of the city, was sufficient reward for all the toil put into the enterprise.

Many scores of beautiful letters have been received by the Commissioner in response to her appeal for the poor children. We quote an extract from one or two as samples:

"May heaven smile on your noble efforts in the cause of suffering humanity.—W. S."

From another we gather: "Dear Miss Booth,—I think your plan a very good one. . . I pray that the Father's blessing may attend you and your workers, both in this and other efforts. I am only sorry I cannot send more.—W. O."

The next reads thus: "Dear Miss Booth,—I wish you every success in your Children's Fresh Air Camp.—R. O."

The last extract from a letter we will be able to give is equally as cheering: "I would say, as your request is so moderate, we will enclose you $2 instead of $1."

The above will give a fair idea of the way the Fresh Air scheme of the Commissioner's has been appreciated by the public. The extracts are selected at random from a huge pile of letters received by the Commissioner.

The New Klondike Contingent will be made up of the following officers: Adjt. and Mrs. Kenway; Ensign Heitman, late of Goderich, Ont., Captain Miller, of Greenwood, B.C., and Lieut. Allen, of Vancouver Shelter. The party will sail on the Princess May from Vancouver, on July 25th. We wish them God-speed. The field in the far North is truly white with harvest.

The pastor of the Methodist Church at Minnico being sick on Sunday last, Brigadier Gaskin, who was in camp in the vicinity, was asked to take the morning and evening services, to which request the General Secretary readily complied.

A number of Headquarters Staff have gone on a well-earned furlough this week, including Brigadier Henry, Adjutants Attwell and Patterson, Capt. Lemon and Lieut. McMillan.

Adjt. Moore, of Peterboro, has been very ill indeed. He has gone on a well-earned furlough for one month.

The Temple corps had a Junior picnic last week with splendid success.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. W. Creighton, of the Financial Department, have been placed, by the Commissioner, in charge of the Fresh Air Camp at Oakville, with Staff-Capt. Hopkins, of U. S. A. fame, as a worthy second; an experienced nurse and a doctor, with numerous helpers, complete the Camp Staff.

He who trusts himself, knows how to live.

God has not given us vast learning to solve all the problems, or unfailing wisdom to direct all the wanderings of our brothers' lives; but He has given to every one of us the power to be spiritual, and by our spirituality to lift, and enlarge, and enlighten, the lives we touch.—Phillips Brooks.

Great Britain.

The General has had a mighty campaign in Berlin, with no less than 338 persons seeking salvation. From Berlin our beloved leader traveled to Copenhagen, where he was most loyally and enthusiastically greeted. The Saturday night and Sunday meetings (the latter taking place in the King's Gardens) resulted in 145 souls. Salvationists everywhere will be delighted to read that the General's health is splendid, and as our correspondent puts it, seems fit for anything.

Commissioner Pollard is back at Headquarters again. Although his health still leaves room for improvement, he is decidedly better, and is already more than fully occupied with his important duties.

Immediately upon the postponment of the Coronation, Commissioner Coombs issued a circular to the Field Officers of the British Field, asking that special prayers should be offered to almighty God at all meetings, outdoors and in, for the King's speedy recovery; and that Her Majesty the Queen and members of the Royal Family might be Diviuely sustained in the hour of severe trial. The response was universal.

A suitable building sight for a Naval and Military Home has at last been secured in Chatham. It is an ideal position for our work, is right in the track of soldiers and sailors, and building operations, it is hoped, will soon be commenced.

United States.

From Maui (Sandwich Islands) an application for Candidateship has been received from one of our best Japanese soldiers. He is devoting his life to the salvation of his fellow-countrymen there. He is well recommended, and as officers are badly needed among these little brown men, much is expected as a result of his offer. The Army has a great opportunity among these Asiatics in the Sandwich Islands, where, severed from their old associations and old religions, they are specially receptive to the message of salvation.

Several American officers are at present in England. Colonel French, who is in command of our forces on the Pacific Coast, California, with his Headquarters in that pushing city, San Francisco, had an interview with the Foreign Secretary a few days ago. The work in California is progressing. Brigadier Addie, Canada's pioneer, and now in command of Texas, is in Scotland.

Denmark.

Six thousand people in the King's Gardens remained two hours, under a scorching sun, and listened to a heart-moving address by the General. Colonel Nicol states that is was one of the best sustained efforts ever made in the open-air either by the General or any other man he has known. There was an extraordinary amount of interest shown in the sixteen penitents seeking salvation on the ground. Total souls, 145.

India.

Failure of the Monsoon.—The news is so serious with regard to the failure of the monsoon that a British Cry representative at once waited upon Commissioner Howard (the Secretary for Foreign Affairs). [illegible]

The Commissioner, in view of the large force of officers and Salvationists in that great country, was feeling very keenly the seriousness of the situation which the intelligence referred to indicated. "Commissioner Higgins," he said, "confirms what appears in the Press as to the heavy rainfalls of some weeks back having turned out to be a cyclonic rain only.

"If the worst that is feared comes the distress will be terrible; and in any case a great deal of suffering and destitution must result, the nature of which it is hard for English people to understand."

Our comrades and friends at home will do well to remember India both in their prayers, that the impending calamity may be mercifully averted, and if the need arise, by practical aid in the way of contributions.

France.

Three new halls have just been opened in France—one each at Audincourt, Les Ollieres, and Havre.

At Rue Auber, our central barracks in Paris, two most interesting surrenders have taken place at the penitent form, one being a dancing-girl from a theatre, who had plunged into the depths of sin. She had attended the meetings several weeks. The other was a young man from Belgium, of a good family.

Sweden.

It is impossible to describe all the personal dangers to which our two men-officers working among the Laplanders are exposed. Sometimes they have been out in the bitter cold among the hills for twelve hours at a stretch; at other times they have fallen down the steeps at risk of their lives. After their last tour their clothes were torn, and both the Captain and Lieutenant felt very poorly. Now the Captain says they are very eagerly looking forward to the Congress in Stockholm, when they will once more have the joy of seeing and hearing the General.

A Social Exhibition just concluded in the Stockholm Temple (Sweden) has been a great success. Crowds of people flocked to the Temple every night, and a larger sum was raised than any year previously. The voluntary gifts from the public exceeded anything received before, and the interest shown by outsiders was very great.

South Africa.

Naval and Military Leagues in South Africa, independent of those directly connected with any corps, raised $350 for the recent Self-Denial Effort. This was obtained under great difficulties, for the lads were all but constantly on the march.

Our officers at Pietermaritzburg (Natal) took up a somewhat unusual collection in the open-air recently. It consisted of 8s. 4d. in cash, a loaf of bread, a bowl of monkey nuts, and a package of cigarettes.

Germany.

In no city in Germany have we such liberty as in Hamburg. The police are thoroughly with us. In connection with our recent Self-Denial Week they told our Divisional Officer that he could do what he liked in the shape of advertising, "so long as he did not frighten the horses."

Jamaica.

Commissioner Cadman had a victorious week-end at Barbadoes. Over 70 souls sought salvation.

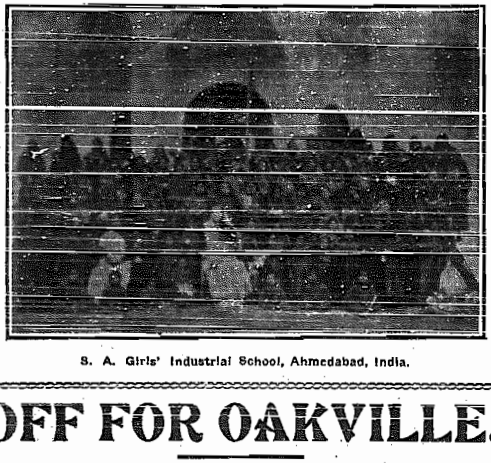
The send-off to Brigadier and Mrs. Gale and family was the biggest event of the kind in Army history in Jamaica. The Kingston soldiery were in full muster at the wharf, and looked a fine set. The final leave-taking was affecting and impressive. As the vessel moved slowly from the wharf-side, the strains of "God be with you till we meet again," were taken up by the big crowd, followed by waving of hats and handkerchiefs, until the ship was lost to sight. The scene will live long in the memories of our comrades.

The Self-Denial total for the Territory is $3,150, compared with $2,700 last year. The advance represents hard and persistent toil by officers, soldiers and friends.

The Governor of Jamaica has appointed Adjts. Naden and Simons as Marriage Officers for their respective Divisions.

NOTICE!

Anyone knowing of any deserving cases of children who would be materially benefitted by an outing of two weeks at the Oakville Fresh Air Camp is requested to send the names and addresses of such to Miss Bodth, Salvation Temple, Albert St., Toronto. Each case will be inquired into, and if deserving the outing, will be granted.



S. A. Girls' Industrial School, Ahmedabad, India.

OFF FOR OAKVILLE.

THE FRESH AIR CAMP ERECTED AND PEOPLED—THE FIRST BATCH OF CHILDREN GONE ON THEIR TWO WEEKS' OUTING.

The Fresh Air Camp at Oakville is not exactly a nine-days' wonder, but was of nine days' inception, for exactly that time elapsed from the day the Commissioner decided upon doing something to give an outing to the hundreds of children who never have an opportunity to have holidays in the green fields and woods, but spend the summer months in the hot, dusty streets of the city, and in stuffy buildings until the day that the first contingent left the Temple for the boat.

The Commissioner worked incessantly from early morning until late at night to get the money and supplies needed, and have the camp in readiness.

The public responded very kindly to Miss Booth's appeal, and many touching replies were sent in with the donations. The merchants also gave liberally in kind, one firm giving two barrels of sugar, another twenty-five pounds of coffee, two others each twenty-five pounds of tea, another fifty pounds of cocoa, another one hundred pounds of tapioca, another a box of raisins, another twenty-five pounds of butter, and so on.

Here are two extracts of letters received in response to the Commissioner's appeal:

"It is with a great deal of pleasure I enclose you the $10, and hope your success will be [illegible] by all who can afford it. Am sure money spent in this way is only loaned and we get it back a hundred times over, whether our lives are long or short.

"I now enclose a cheque for $25, which is not as much as I should like to send, having regard to the worthiness of the object, but all I can see my way clear to do at present, in view of many other demands. Wishing you every success in your efforts, etc."

On Monday the Commissioner was first on the premises, about seven in the morning, and soon a number of other officers arrived, busying themselves in packing dishes, getting provisions, checking tents, camp beds, and supplies. Somebody arrived in good time at the boat and helped willingly to put the freight on board, which comprised several truck loads.

The two hours' ride on the steamer White Star passed pleasantly. The weather was ideal. The boat hugged the shores, calling at Long Park to deposit an excursion, and taking another one all the way to Oakville.

Arriving at Oakville everybody of the twenty Salvationists, from Colonel Jacobs down to the office boy, willingly helped in the unloading, the putting up of tents, driving of stakes, making of seats and tables, gathering of materials, or preparation of lunch. It was a pleasant thing to see things "hum along" and the camp put up in a few hours, all except the final interior arrangements, which were left to the four officers and soldiers who stayed behind to prepare everything for the reception of the first batch of children.

The Commissioner, with the rest of the T.H.Q. Officers, returned on the evening boat to the city, arriving there only in time to rush off to the Temple for a special musical meeting, led by Brigadier Pugmire and the Red Knights of the Cross in the interests of the Fresh Air Camp, while the Commissioner made some arrangements to have carriages donated by some livery stable to convey the smaller children to the boat.

About nine o'clock the Staff Band fell in for the march, followed by the biggest children, officers, and helpers, and two carriages full of small dots, including some crippled children. They laughed and chatted and were all full of excitement at the prospective boat-ride, and many a heart was touched and softened in sympathy with our tender-hearted leader who so zealously espoused the cause of Toronto's less fortunate children.

London Local Officers' Councils

And Hallelujah Wedding of Two Well-Known Officers.

Since the inauguration of the Local Officers' Councils by Major McMillan three years ago, interest in the same has steadily increased. The campaign just ended has surpassed anything that we have ever had before in attendance, interest and enthusiasm.

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One hundred and fifty officers, local officers and soldiers from all over the Western Ontario Province, with Woodstock and London brass bands, were present. The district officers and quite a number of the locals came in on Saturday and were given a hearty welcome in the Citadel by Major McMillan and the London officers and soldiers.

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Sunday morning at 7 a.m. there was a grand rally in the Citadel, conducted by Adjutant Kenway, and although it was raining in torrents, there was a goodly number present. It still continued to rain until eleven o'clock, but in spite of the downpour a number of the more daring ones, led on by Adjutant Goodwin, attempted a march.

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The holiness meeting was conducted by Major McMillan. The Major spoke from the passage, "Follow thou Me," and impressed upon the locals and Christians present the importance of following Jesus every step of the way, and pushing the battle to the very gates.

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Sunday afternoon the weather cleared up somewhat, and a large march formed up and marched to the open-air stand, where a rousing open-air was conducted by Adjutant Cameron. A number of bright, happy testimonies were given. As Treasurer Cormie, of Guelph, related the story of his conversion from a life of sin to one of righteousness and godliness, many standing around were impressed. The London band gave some very nice music, while seven dollars was thrown into the ring in a very few minutes.

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The afternoon meeting was a real old-time "free and easy." Many of the locals testified to the joy they found in God's service. Sergt.-Major Andrews, of London, and Treasurer Cormie, of Guelph, sang a duet, "They are all gone, gone away from me," which in point of heartiness, if not of harmony, was much appreciated. Many were dancing happy, particularly Adjutant Kenway. No doubt the Adjutant had reason to be so, in view of coming events.

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Sunday night the Citadel was crowded with a very attentive audience. Mrs. Major McMillan sang very feelingly, "Should the death angel knock at your chamber." Mrs. Adjutant Coombs spoke of God's saving and keeping power. Adjutant Kenway, who has labored in the W.O.P. for several months past, quite unexpectedly received orders from the Commissioner to command a party for the Klondike. The Adjutant was called upon to bid farewell to his W.O.P. comrades. He spoke of his willingness to go wherever God and the Salvation Army thought best to send him, although he felt rather sad at leaving the W.O.P., as he had enjoyed his stay amongst us. We are also sorry to lose the Adjutant, as we have always found him anxious and willing to do anything and everything within his power to advance the interests of God's work. We wish him every success in his new field of labor.

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There was also another farewell. Captain Hockin, who has labored faithfully at London Corps for the past eight months, received farewell orders and was called upon to say good-bye. The Captain has had the love and respect of the London people, and our best wishes go with her to her new appointment as officer in charge of Dresden Corps.

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Miss Hodgson, of Simcoe, a friend of the Army, sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by action. Miss Hodgson is deaf and dumb, and her rendering of the good old hymn was very pathetic.

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The Major spoke from the text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As he proclaimed the message with zeal and earnestness, conviction was depicted on the faces of many of his hearers, and eight came forward to the mercy seat and cried to God for pardon. My! what a time of rejoicing there was, and as one stirring chorus after another was started up the glory got into their feet, and in groups of twos and threes they started to dance, from the Major down to our latest contingent from the Training Garrison. An attempt was even made to get Mrs. McMillan and Adjutant Goodwin to join in the dance.

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Monday afternoon the first session of Council was held in Somerset Hall, where words of profit and instruction were spoken by the Major. Monday night was the grand reception to all the locals. Woodstock band was present in full force and gave some very good music. Solos were sung by Mrs. Hallelujahjane and Corps-Cadet Keeler, of Windsor. Welcome speeches were made by Sergt.-Major Andrews and Bandmaster Pope, of London, also Band of Love Sergt.-Major Merritt. The Bandmaster was a proud and happy man, and did his part well in welcoming the visiting bandsmen. The visitors thought the Bandmaster was "all right." We were all pleased to welcome Band of Love Sergt.-Major Merritt to our midst again after his lengthy tour in the West, and we believe he is equally glad to be with his London comrades again.

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Tuesday morning and afternoon Councils were held in the Somerset Hall. Tuesday afternoon a message was sent to the Commissioner, in which the locals pledged their love and fidelity to their Commissioner and the flag. God's presence was felt very near, and twenty-five came forward to the altar and re-consecrated themselves to God for more efficient and desperate service; in fact, we all re-consecrated ourselves to better service.

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Wedding and Farewell.

Tuesday night the climax was reached. The meeting was of a twofold nature, being the farewell meeting of all the locals and the marriage of Staff-Captain Hopkins, of Detroit, to Adjutant Orchard. A grand march formed up at half past seven. The procession was headed by the Woodstock band; then came the wedding party in an open carriage; next to the carriage was the London band, followed by the visiting officers and local officers and soldiers, numbering over two hundred in all. The procession marched through the principal streets and returned to the Citadel at eight o'clock. By this time the Citadel, which was gaily decorated for the occasion with evergreens, flowers, flags and bunting, was gorged. The bandsmen and visiting locals occupied the platform. As the bands played the bridal party marched down the aisle and took their places on the platform. Closely following the wedding party were a strange couple attired in sombre robes, with veils pinned closely over their bonnets—but about them we shall give an explanation later on.

When silence was gained Adjutant Cameron was the first speaker. He proposed a vote of thanks to the London officers, soldiers and people, who had done so much to make these Councils the success and blessing they had been. This was heartily seconded by Adjutant Coombs. Alderman Mason, Treasurer of Simcoe Corps, spoke on behalf of the visiting locals.

The Major then called upon several persons to speak representing the single and married people present. Adjutant Goodwin was the first speaker, and she defended the single people. She gave an explanation of the strange apparition that had followed the wedding party. A number of the single ladies, including Ensign Hellman and Captain Horwood, also the Adjutant herself, whom the Major termed the "faithful few," had taken this means of showing their aversion (but which we think is not so deep as they would like to make believe) to the step Staff-Capt. Hopkins was about to take. The Adjutant's words were very strong in favor of single-blessedness, yet we noticed she did not make any rash promises for the "faithful few," which no doubt was just as well, as people do sometimes change their minds these days.

Adjutant McHarg spoke for the married men, quoting as the basis of his remarks that passage of Scripture, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

Mrs. Adjutant Coombs spoke on behalf of the married ladies, claiming that the advantages were largely on the side of the married folk.

Mrs. Major McMillan spoke a few words of advice to both the married and single people present, impressing upon them the importance of seeking first the Kingdom of God in all their undertakings in life. She believed Adjutant Orchard and Staff-Captain Hopkins had sought God's guidance in this step, and she wished them God's best blessings.

Staff-Captain Rawling read from Matt. 6, 31-34. He spoke of Adjutant Orchard's faithfulness and devotion to God's cause. Then came the important moment. The Major read the Army Wedding Service, and called upon the bride and groom if they were willing to be married according to those vows to stand forward.

The bride looked very sweet and pretty in her simple navy blue uniform and snowy white sash, caught on the shoulder with a knot of white ribbon, as she stepped forward against a background of flags, the Stars and Stripes on one side, the Union Jack on the other side and the Army flag in the centre. There was such a look of Madonna-like happiness on her face that one almost imagined a halo of glory surrounded her head. Adjutant Orchard seemed rather nervous, but his "I will" was not to be mistaken. The bride answered clear and steady. The ring was placed upon her finger, and then the Major, in the name of God and the Salvation Army, pronounced them man and wife. The Adjutant saluted his new wife amidst thunders of applause. The bands played a wedding march.

When quiet was again restored the Major called upon Captain Campbell, the best man, to speak. The Captain said he was pleased to be present on this important occasion. He was an intimate friend of Adjutant Orchard and could not speak too highly of him. He congratulated Mrs. Orchard in having won the Adjutant, and he (Captain Campbell) could be as fortunate in securing so good a wife he might be induced to leave the ranks of single-blessedness. The Major said he supposed Captain Campbell was now open for correspondence.

The bridesmaid, Ensign Bailey, of Detroit, was called upon. The Ensign said she was from what we Canadian called the "States." She was living in two states, a state of knowing she was nicely saved and also the state of single-blessedness. She said Captain Campbell had congratulated Staff-Captain Hopkins (that was) on her success in winning Adjutant Orchard. She felt Adjutant Orchard was the one to be congratulated in having been so fortunate as to win the affection of so worthy a young lady as Staff-Captain Hopkins. The Major assured the Ensign that if she wished to follow Staff-Captain Hopkins' (that was) example she would lend her any assistance within his power. Adjutant Colwell, of Cleveland, also spoke. Then came the groom. Cries of "Solo! Solo!" came from all sides. But the Adjutant was equal to the emergency, and had a song composed especially for the occasion, which we give below.

Wedding Song.

Tune—"The Breaking of the Day."

I thank the Lord for His wondrous love
In giving salvation to me;
I thank the Lord for a precious wife,
And now I'm as happy as can be.

(Chorus.)

And now I'm as happy as can be.
(Repeat.)

I have everlasting life and a precious good wife,
And now I'm as happy as can be.

A bachelor I've been for many a year,
But I've left the ranks to-day,
Though some may have thought that I, like Paul,
A bachelor was likely to stay.

Now bachelors, to you I would give advice—
Don't forget to watch and pray,
And allow the Lord to lead every step,
He'll surely lead you in the right way.

Now, to you old maids of uncertain years,
Keep cool, trust and pray,
And if it's the Lord's will for you to have a man,
He'll surely send you one some day.

The Adjutant endeavored to console the "faithful few," and for his audacity was promptly bounced. A number of telegrams were received, one from Mrs. Colonel Higgins, of New York, also from Major Turner, of Eastern Ontario, and one from the Provincial Headquarters of the Northwest Province, ending, "Not at all discouraged, faint, but still pursuing.—Smith, Phillips, Wakefield."

The esteem in which Adjutant and Mrs. Orchard are held by their comrades was evinced by the number of beautiful presents they received.

After the ceremony in the Citadel a supper was served at the Rescue Home, under the auspices of Adjutant McDonald, to which about 40 guests were invited.

Adjutant and Mrs. Orchard left for Woodstock, where they will spend their honeymoon assisting Major and Mrs. Millan with camp meetings. May God's richest blessings be with them!

Major McMillan and his staff were highly pleased with the success of the campaign. There were over 500 on the marches, with an attendance of over 1,500 and the finances fully filled their best expectations.

The effect of these Councils, we believe, will be felt in a greater advancement of the work in every part of the Province.

The London papers commented very favorably on the meetings, and we enclose several cuttings from them.—Amo Dei.

The Bridgetown Barracks.

The Spiritual Specials.

Belleville.—Staff-Capt. Burdett and Capt. Urquhart have been with us for ten days, and their visit was a success. Eleven souls sought salvation during the series of meetings. The Staff-Capt. held the audience spellbound while he talked to them of Christ. Capt. Urquhart sang and played on his cornet, violin, mouth organ and autoharp, and he also brought music out of a tomato can, playing "Home, Sweet Home," very distinctly. The children sang "White Robes," and went through the motions, and little Fannie recited. Then we had a speech from Capt Randall of Trenton, and Lieut. Greenslades sang "In the Army." Adjt. Cavo urged the unsaved to get right with God, and two held up their hands to be prayed for in this meeting. Ice cream and cake were served at the close. Ensign Comstock is going to farewell on Sunday.—C.-C. Millie Parks.

The Hand Bell Ringers.

Burk's Falls.—We are still marching on and gaining victory through the blood. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday the Hand Bell Ringers paid us a visit. We had wonderful meetings, splendid crowds, and $40.46 income. God came very near and blessed us. A great many were deeply convicted, and two knelt at the cross and found pardon. We are determined, with God's help, to do our best for Him and pull down the stronghold of Satan.—C. L. Jones, Lieutenant.

Genuine Salvation.

Campbellford.—We have with us the Spiritual Specials, also Major Turner and Captain Liddell. Good, genuine salvation meetings all day Sunday, with one soul in the fountain. We feel God's spirit is working upon the hearts of the people.—R. C.

A Visitor From Nelson.

Charlottetown.—Brother McLaughlin, of Nelson, B.C., was with us on Sunday. Captains Jones and Anderson farewelled very impressively on Sunday night. May the Lord prosper them! Lieut. Brace is home on furlough. Three have sought Jesus since last report.—H.

A Double Farewell.

Deseronto. God has wonderfully blessed us during the past few weeks. Our services have been well attended, and a number have been convicted of sin. On Sunday Brother and Sister Podger, with their little family, farewelled. They have rendered splendid service in connection with the local Corps, and at the call of God proceed to another part of the vineyard. With the rank of Probationary Captain, they take charge of Brockville. Some two hundred and fifty people met at the barracks to show their appreciation of the service these comrades rendered. One soul professed conversion. Our officers, Ensign and Mrs. Norman, farewelled in the same service. On Monday night our ice cream social was quite a success.—William Bassett.

Coronation Jubilee.

Digby.—The Coronation Jubilee in Digby was one of the best the eye could witness. There was vocal and instrumental music, recitations, drills, "The Holy City Quartette" by four girls, and graphophone selections. Ice cream was served at the close.—Capt. Ebsary.

A Good Rally.

Galt.—We were reinforced on Sunday by Brother Spencely, of Peterboro, and Brother McQueen, of Toronto, two blood-and-fire soldiers of the cross. They rendered valuable assistance with their sweet singing. Although the weather was cold and damp, the comrades rallied around for open-air. God came very near and blessed us, and our faith is high for victory.—Mrs. Gooding.

A Chapter of Events.

Great Falls.—Three souls have been saved recently, and the spirit of conviction in dealing mightily with the unsaved. Our S.D. target of $165 was reached after a struggle, and the people were very kind. Mr. Morrow, president of the B. and M. Smelter, helped us nobly. He gave us permission to go through the large smelter building, and also allowed one of his employes to escort us through. One of our comrades, who has been saved just five months, is sick in the hospital. He was taken down with a paralytic stroke. Before conversion he was a deep sinner, having lived forty years in sin, but he now rejoices in a pardoning Saviour, his one cry being, "I'm so glad I gave my heart to God." Pray for him. Staff-Captain Taylor, our beloved Chancellor, paid us a visit on Saturday and Sunday. We had a glorious time, good crowds and good collections; ginger was given in the afternoon open-air collection. Can you beat that? One soul, whom we have prayed for for months, held up his hand desiring to live a better life. We farewell next Sunday and leave the dear comrades and friends. God grant our remaining days may be specially owned by him.—Lieut. Lewis.

The Great Celebration.

Grand Forks.—We had been looking forward to the Fourth and praying about it, and when the Ensign hung he programme up in the barracks we saw he expected us to do some work. Six open-air meetings were announced for the day, before finishing up with a large meeting at night. We commenced with a kneedrill at seven o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, with twenty-one present, and the programme of the third was repeated, with the exception of the afternoon meetings, which were cancelled on account of the extreme heat. We held thirteen meetings in the two days. There was no trouble to get a crowd and a good collection; in fact, Ensign Wilkins had to tell the people to stop throwing nickels and dimes and listen to what he had to say. Talk about celebrating the fourth of July! No one can do it better than Salvationists, and as someone said, we felt better at the finish than some of the pleasure-seekers, because there was no sorrow connected with our joy. God's power was with us, and we had wonderful times. Independence Day came to at least one soul, who cried for mercy. As we sought first His Kingdom, God added His blessing and touched the people's hearts. Our collections amounted to fifty dollars. Hallelujah!

Consecrated Lives.

Halifax IV.—There was an interesting time at the barracks on Needham Street on Sunday evening, June 29th, when Captain McEachern and Lieut. McKim bade good-bye to their Halifax comrades and co-workers. Kindly references were made by outside friends to the good work done by the departing officers, and especially to the noble consecrated lives they had been enabled by God's grace to live, which spoke more eloquently to those around than the tongues of men and angels. The address of the Lieutenant was a prayerful exhortation to both saved and unsaved. Captain McEachern gave a very impressive address, and closed with an appeal to those present to give the new officers, Captain Richards and Lieut. Nugent, a royal welcome.—Mac.

Won by Faith and Works.

Hannah.—We are able to rejoice over victory in the Self-Denial effort. We have reached out target all right. Amidst rain and mud we have won by the old way of "faith and works."—Lieut. Oxenridor.

Successful Meetings.

Liverpool.—We are praising God for His goodness toward us. Our open-airs and indoor meetings are successful in numbers and collection, and, best of all, we have good order. We are believing for souls.—F. Jayne.

He Cannot Fail.

Neepawa.—We are still fighting against sin, and God is helping us. On Sunday the meetings were good, and God's spirit was felt. We are still believing for souls, for we know that God cannot fail, and He is more than all that can be against us. Hallelujah!—A Soldier.

Their Visit Appreciated.

Newport.—We have just closed a series of meetings led by Adjt. and Mrs. Kendell and Cadet Allen. Their visit was much appreciated by all, and some who were far away from God were led to cry for mercy, while others sought a clean heart. May God bless our comrades wherever they go.—A Soldier.

One Wanderer Returned.

Pembroke.—We are pleased to report a visit from our worthy P. O., Major Turner, also Lieut. Gates, of Ottawa, who spent the week-end with us. On Sunday the Lord came very near and blessed our souls. We had good meetings all day, and one backslider was reclaimed. To God we give all the glory.—Ruby Foley, Lieut.

Packed to Excess.

Polley's Island.—Since last report our officers have said good-bye. We have now with us Capt. Brace and Lieut. Janes, who, by the way, are blood-and-fire officers. The Captain is in good fighting trim, and will undoubtedly make things hum. God and souls are his theme. Our hall is packed to excess, especially on Sunday night. We had good meetings all day on Sunday, and we believe there was a work done that will stand the test of eternity.—A. H. D.

A Good Success.

Prescott.—We have had good meetings since last report, and the power of God has been manifest. On July 1st we served dinner and supper in our hall, and held two open-airs. Altogether we cleared twenty-four dollars and ninety cents. God is good to His children, and we are more than ever encouraged to fight the battle to the end.—P.S.-M. Barton.

Wonderful Times.

Quebec.—Major Turner was with us on Saturday and Sunday, and we had wonderful times. God poured out His spirit upon us. We also had a visit from Captain Owens.—C. M. Brimson.

One of the Garrison.

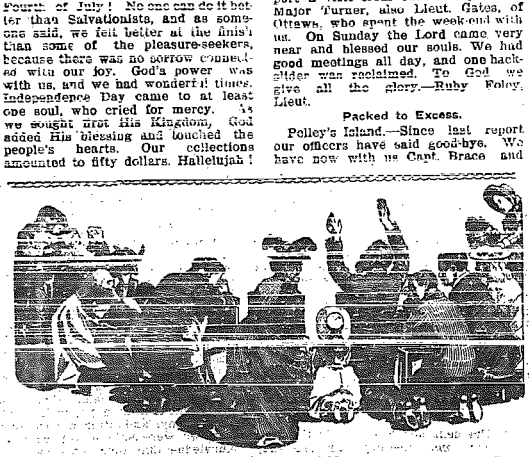
St. Georges.—God is giving us victory here, and we believe many of the people are under deep conviction. This place is full of backsliders, and a hard, proud spirit seems to hold them in bondage, but, praise God, there are signs of yielding. On Wednesday night one soul returned to God—one of the garrison. On Thursday we had a Corinthian meeting, which passed off successfully. An open-air campaign was started on Saturday, the meeting being held in the public square. On Sunday afternoon the Corps marched to the park and took a stand under the cedar trees, where there was a good crowd. At night we had a hard fight in the hall. We held on and had the joy of seeing two at the penitent form seeking salvation.—Sidney A. Church.

Eight Souls Surrender.

Vancouver. Eight souls have sought Christ during the past week. Truly our hearts rejoice, and we praise God and give Him the glory. We are praying and believing that many who are now under conviction will soon yield to the strivings of Holy Spirit. We are going on knowing that the faithful shall reap the reward of their labors.—H. N. M. N.

Much Kindness Shown.

Westville.—On Sunday we said farewell to our comrades and friends after nearly nine months' stay. It would only be fair to say that we appreciate the kindness of the people, and thank all concerned for their kind words and good wishes. Especially do we thank those connected with that splendid address and presentation, which came as a surprise and as a boon to our travelling expenses. We shall long remember you. Ensign and Mrs. Carter, our successors, will feel at home here. The War Cry is well patronized. There is a customer for every Cry that comes to the Corps, and in special efforts of any kind Westville people are hard to beat. Adjt. Wiggins, the D.O., Ensign McDonald, and Lieutenants Harding and Conrad, were in for the final farewell on Monday evening. On Wednesday morning we left for St. John, met Staff-Capt. Howell at Moncton (his [illegible]), arrived at St. John at 6.45, went with the Chancellor to marry a couple, arrived in time for the end of the soldiers' meeting at No. III., stayed with Ensign and Mrs. Knight until the next morning, then started for St. Stephen, arriving at noon, where we shall strive to do something for Jesus. More anon.—Ensign and Mrs. G. P. Thompson.



They are coming to the fold,
Rich and poor, and young and old.

Eastern Harvesters at Fairville.

Orange Hall Well Filled—Sixteen Souls at the Cross.

The praying, preaching, and singing Army evangelists have just closed their special campaign at Fairville. God has been pleased to wonderfully pour out His Spirit upon us, and although we have not seen the victory that we would have liked to have seen, yet success has indeed attended our every effort for good, and we dare believe great shall be the result of our few days' stay at Fairville.

We were delighted indeed to get back to the old battleground, so well known by several members of the troupe. Here Ensign McElhiney fought his first battles as an Army officer, and won many victories for his Master, including the rescuing of your humble servant from the thraldom of sin.

Capt. Leadley and Lieut. Munroe, together with the soldiers,

Had Been Laying a Good Foundation

for the coming revival meetings, God had been convicting the sinner, and now we were marching in to reap the harvest for which they had been sowing. The soldiers rallied to our help, and took in the open-air and inside some good work was put in for Jesus.

On Saturday night we had the pleasure of welcoming Cadet Corkum in our midst, as a member of the troupe. The Cadet has been a real Salvationist for some time, and we bespeak for her a successful time in the troupe.

The duets sang by Lieut. Duncan and Cadet Corkum were much appreciated by all. The string band of seven pieces, led by Captain Leadley, was also appreciated.

The straight, plain truth, and the whole-souled way in which it was spoken by Ensign McElhiney, made a lasting impression upon the hearts of all, and resulted in the salvation of both hardened sinners and backsliders.

The Orange Hall was hired for the Sunday nights, and the united meeting on Monday night as well. This building was well filled.

The meeting on Monday night, led by Mrs. Brigadier Sharp and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Howell, assisted by Adjt. and Mrs. Turpin, as well as the city officers and troupe, was a decided success. We were pleased to have with us on that occasion Ensign Welsh, the Principal of the Army day schools in Newfoundland.

The troupe has really enjoyed the fighting at Fairville, and although a feeling of disappointment stirs our souls, and drives us to God for help, yet we rejoice to say that in the special campaign

Fourteen Precious Souls

knelt at the cross for salvation, and two for holiness. The income was very good indeed, and we shall not soon forget the kindness of the Fairville folk, as well as the faithful work of the officers. We now turn to St. John West.—Farmer Tom.

The G.B.M. Tree of the Central Ontario Province.

The Central G.B.M. Tree is a fruitful one, bearing four times a year. It is one of those short trees, with long, wide-spreading branches, whose fruit weigh them close to the ground. On account of the heaviness of the fruit some branches are brought very near the ground.

Toronto city branch is the most heavily laden, bearing several rich clusters, as follows:

Large Boxes (T. F. S.) ...	$7.81
Old No. 1 (Bro. Boomer) ...	2.12
Women's Shelter (Mrs. Doyle)	6.00
Lisgar St. (Sister Pinch) ...	3.57
Riverside (Sister Livingston) ..	2.55
Lippincott (Sister Tucker) ...	2.63
Yorkville (Sister Jarvis)	2.16
Dovercourt (Sister Smith)	2.00
Large Boxes (Bro. Morris) ...	1.76

Making a total of $33.78

This, as will be seen by the above, is rather a heavy branch, and if Ensign Crocker, of the Children's Shelter, had not, through sickness, been debarred from collecting, and the returns of Mrs. Alberts, of Lisgar St., had come in, the G.B.M. fruit would have been still more abundant.

Bro. Boomer, of Esther St., deserves special mention, also Ensign Duche, of the Women's Shelter. They rank with the five dollar people, and both did certainly a good stroke. Brother Boomer going over five dollars and bringing up his doings to correspond more with his name. God bless all the city Agents.

The most valuable branch containing a single cluster is the Orillia branch, which had one fine bunch, drooping the limb with fruit worth $11.25. Orillia keeps well ahead. Sister James knows how to do it. I challenge any individual Agent against her next time.

The second heaviest branch is what is called the five-dollar branch, though some of the clusters are worth a little more than five dollars. They rank as follows:

Haliburton	$5.28
Collingwood	5.05
Oakville	5.02
Bracebridge	5.00

Total $20.39

Then we gaze upon the drooping branch called the four-dollar one, including—

Hamilton I. ..	$4.50
North Bay	4.50
St. Catharines	4.00

Total $13.02

Hamilton I. Agents did not all come in, and one of St. Catharines Agents being away, so that the whole collection fell on one dear comrade, but like a true brave he buckled to it and landed in nearly $4.

North Bay is losing their faithful, long-service Agent, Mrs. Brodbear. She goes away to Lethbridge, S.W.T. May the Central's loss be Ensign Mercer's gain. May God bless and go with Mrs. Brodbear.

The next branch we look on is the three-dollar one, containing clusters as follows:

Alpine Harbor	$3.77
Sudbury	3.47
Bowmanville	3.42
Sturgeon Falls	3.15
Aurora	3.00

Total $18.81

Aurora deserves special mention, as doing a splendid increase.

Next we look upon the two-dollar branch, drooping a little below the three-dollar ones in consequence of its weight. Its fruit yield is as follows:

Midland	$2.68
Gravenhurst	2.52
Meaford	2.50
Chesley	2.10
Huntsville	2.06
Lady Bank	2.04
Newmarket	2.00
Burk's Falls	2.00

Total $18.00

The next heaviest limb is the one-dollar one, yielding the following clusters:

Owen Sound	$1.84
Brampton	1.83
Dundas	1.60
Hamilton II....	1.68
Barrie	1.60
Fesserton	1.55
Oshawa	1.37
Kinmount	1.30
Ferndale Falls	1.26
Uxbridge	1.15
Parry Sound	1.00

Total $16.38

The next is the Lindsay branch, with some rich fruit, made up as follows:

Sister Cornell	$2.69
Sister Richards	2.50
Sister Gamet	1.89
Sister Richards	1.58

Total $8.46

Then there are some small bunches of fruit at the very top, valued as follows:

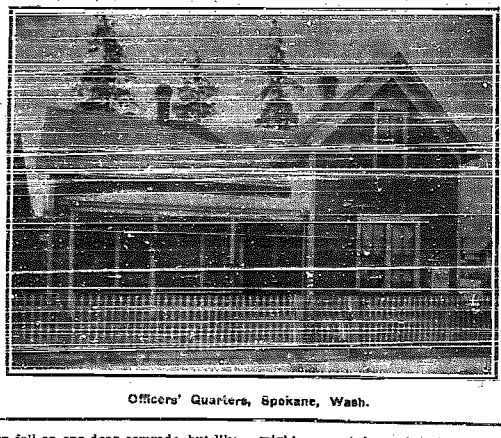
Little Current	$ 89
Omemee	75
Milford Bay	60
Stroud	49
Whitby	45
Orangeville	41
Fletcherton	40
Brooklin	35

Total $4.34

There is, in addition, a little twig at the top, with fruit valued at $3.00, given by two individuals, one Mrs. Drake, of Hamilton, and another whose name is not to be mentioned.

On the whole, the total yield for the Province is $146.43. Had several Agents only got out more boxes what might we not have done? What a richly-laden tree might have been the result of a little more work.

The Traveling Financial Special thanks all his kind Agents through the Cry, and hopes to see a well-filled basket the next quarter.—C. A. Perry.



Officers' Quarters, Spokane, Wash.

New Officers.

Toronto I.—We have just welcomed our new officers, Captain Meeks and Lieut. Scarff. Sunday was a glorious day. God was with us in power, and sinners were convicted of sin. We are believing for great things in the near future. We are sorry to lose Lieut. Scarff so soon. Captain Pynn assisted at Sunday night's meeting. Keep believing, victory must be ours.—S.-M. Ward.

Four Get at Liberty.

Wilmington.—The many blessings that the Self-Denial has brought is evidenced in the whole-hearted way the comrades have thrown themselves into the battle, and they have been rewarded with the joy of seeing souls making their peace with God. Last Sunday we had Sergt.-Major Merritt from London with us. His bright, practical talks were a benefit to both converted and unconverted, and many a poor soul was brought face to face with their sins. God's presence was felt in a particular manner all day, and after a hard-fought fight we were able to rejoice in the knowledge that four souls had been liberated from the bonds of sin.

G.B.M. NOTES.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By CAPT. POOLE.

Montreal I.

An interesting week-end was spent here. The lantern service, "A Happy Ending," was appreciated by all. Our Agent, Mrs. Vancour, keeps at it to business. Ensign and Mrs. Hankirk have taken well hold of things, and a satisfactory work is being brought about. Many improvements have been made in the hall. The new uniform they have just secured presents a very brilliant appearance, and we trust many may be won for God and heaven by their instrumentality.

Montreal II.

Sister Lillie Gall had all returns in, which is a great credit, $8.65 being the total. This is a good improvement on previous quarters. More Agents, with necessary qualifications, are wanted to push on this good work.

St. Albans, U. S. A.

No officers being here, our visits are short. A goodly number met for the open-air and indoor meetings.

Burlington, U. S. A.

Our Local Agent being away, prevented the collection of boxes. We expect, when remitted, to find a good fly return. May God continue to bless the good work here.

Barre, Vt.

This place is doing well. All our Agents are encouraged to go on and maintain their past reputation. Mrs. W. H. Shores had the largest amount, $1.26; Mrs. Perkins, $1.00; Mrs. Ahrate, $1.00.

Newport, Vt.

Bro. Morse has put out a number of globe boxes, the work is progressing, and we trust that our present prosperity may only be the dawn of greater victories. The returns are up to any previous quarter.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Capt. Magee and Lieut. Webber are the right persons in the right place. Their singing captivates the Americans, and hundreds of people throng to our open-air meetings on Saturday evenings. One followed our march who previously had known nothing of conversion, came again on Sunday and sought Christ. This is the outcome of open-air work. Our G.B.M. Agent, Mrs. Wilkie, is practically mothering her cause; and still the good work goes on.

Sherbrooke.

Undoubtedly we must ascribe much of the success of our work to many of our old Agents, as well as the young, those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. Though not permitted to see Mrs. Shurtliff, on account of her absence, yet I was pleased to learn that the returns will be remitted by post. All things were satisfactory.

Quebec.

This ancient City of Canada is one of many charms, and of much stately beauty, with its narrow, climbing streets, with quaint shops, and its curious gables, its noble rocks crowned with the ancient citadel, and the majestic River St. Lawrence, lend it a dignity and beauty that few cities know. Many a man has been helped here, temporally and spiritually, through our Social Work, and some of the present inmates respect and love the officers in charge. Donations are being made for the renovation of the institution, several great dollars have been donated, but much more is required. You will be interested with the very gratefully received by Capt. Edwards, 16 [illegible] Mr. Quesnel [illegible] Young, our G.B.M. [illegible] Social service and Mr. Williams donates again his dollar [illegible] returns are removed [illegible] the box.

When the world is bitter, the Word is sweet.

The character of a man's pleasure [illegible] loss he [illegible]

Old Riffsnyder's Barrel uv Pepper.

BY BUCKSKIN BRADY.

No, old Riffsnyder wasn't none er yer cow-chasers er mule-drivers, er Indian-hunters, same's Buffalo Bill says he used ter be; but jest the same old Riff. was one uv the bes camp-rustlers that ever set up in bizness, an we could allus depend or him fer our dinner, no matter if the steamboat was two or three weeks behind time, geese gone north, and buffalo tracks scarce. An one good thing 'bout him was that he believed in an abundance—not jest enough fer dinner, but allus figured on things by the barrel.

An this is how he came ter git that barrel uv pepper I was speaking of. Most people'd been satisfied with er few pounds, but old Riff. jest sent in an order by the barrel, an 'long it came. Buffalo Bill might have beat him in dressin out er buffalo, er hangin stars on an Indian's wicker-up, but when it came down ter camp-rustlin that old man could

Make Tracks All Around Bill.

Yes, I'll tell yer about it. It happened in them good old days, 'way back in the '70's, when the big South Dakota plains were fairly spotted with big herds of game an wandering tribes of Sioux Indians; an buffalo herds an Indians both ordered their coats from the same tailor, wore ice-cream pants, an bedded on the same camp ground. Yes, things have changed sum since then. Now the Indians have laid off their paint and feathers, wear their hair cut short, like mine, laid their oul-fashioned ice-cream trousers off fer nice respectable ones, same's you wear, an if we want ter see a herd of buffalos 'bout the nearest we can cum to it now-days is ter give a man fifty cents er a dollar, who's killed them off by the hundreds jest fer their hides, ter tell us how he managed it, an explain to us how our buffalo disappeared so suddenly.

Sioux City was the terminus of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. at that time, an the transportation up the big Missouri from that point was carried on by steamboat an overland freight trains. Well, we was livin on Dry Island, 'bout fifty miles above the old Rose Bud Agency, an outside of three other families, there wasn't any whites fer 'bout twenty miles, an it was eighty miles ter the nearest town. My brother supplied the steamboats with wood, an when they'd land ter take on a supply they'd allus leave provisions fer the settlement. Well, that fall when the old Molly Moore stopped ter take wood, on her way ter Sioux City, we gave her the order fer our winter's grub supply, which she was goin ter leave on her return. This was late in October. But three days arter old Molly started away an awful storm struck her. The wind blew, snow fell, the wo her grew colder an colder, ice beg a ter run in the river, game of all kinds cum in off the prairie fer shelter in the badlands an timber along the river till the antelope and deer grew so thick that we

Could Shoot Them from the House.

Old Riff. saw that it would be impossible fer the boat ter git back that fall, so he ordered a big hunt, an all hands that was big enough turned out, an in er few days we hed enough game dressed an taken care of ter last the hull settlement all winter. Next old Riff. rigged up a freight outfit an started some or the young men ter fetch some supplies from Mitchell, S. D., 80 miles away, but the snow had fallen so deep, an the weather had grown so cold that they had ter turn back, an the next day when they came drifin home we had ter put one of um in ice-water to draw the frost out of him.

[illegible] wheat and er coffee mill ter grind it in, some small potatoes and er few beans, an lots an lots of the finest kind of meat; in fact, we had so much that Riff. said as he lowed 'twould be Christian ter hold one day of special thanksgivin ter the Lord fer His providence. So we ate our beans an wheat an little taters in thanksgivin. Praise God.

But in 'bout four weeks our beans were gone, the wheat eaten up, an the potatoes no more, an we got down ter meat strait; but old Riff kept lookin ter heaven an thankin God fer sendin us such an abundance of meat, an giv-in us such good appetites ter joy it.

barrels of things, Lord—barrels of flour, an barrels of hommony, an barrels of rice, an barrels of beans, an barrels of pork, an barrels of coffee,

Things went on like this fer a while, an then some of the women, that didn't have quite as much grace as Riff. began ter play off sick, an said they couldn't live on nothin but plain meat, an one mornin some of the boys waited on the old man, an asked him what he was goin ter do now.

"We'll Pray," Says Old Riff.

So accordingly all the neighbors were gathered in fer the occasion. I can't remember jest how long that prayer meetin lasted, 'cause I was only five years old at the time, but I believe it must have lasted a week. One dear old woman that couldn't live on meat alone, led the prayin by askin God ter send along one things arter another till she'd mentioned about everything good that a hungry youngster could think of, then the rest followed, an we all said, "Amen," till old Riff., 'way back in a corner of the room, broke in: "Blessed Lord, Thou dost all things well. Yer'd rather send along a big blessin anytime than a small one. Meat's good enough fer old Riff. any day, but some of these yer women can't hardly go it, so send along somethin fer them. Send us an barrels of tea, an barrels of molasses, an barrels of pickles, an barrels of sugar, an barrels of salt, an barrels of pepper. Oh, no, Lord," says old Riff., "that is too much pepper."

That was a rousin prayer meetin. I remember my wishin they had asked fer a few barrels of candy, but thought God must be a wonderful Being if He could remember so much.

An old man, by the name of Mr. Harte, run a little store, an made his livin tradin with the Indians. Harte had got in his winter's stock an had gone down to Sioux City on the Molly Moore an couldn't get back. We knew he had got in a big supply of grub, but just before he went away he had hid his whole stock in trade in some mysterious place, an although the young men had hunted for it days and days, yet they could find no trace of his coche. Well, the very next day, very early in the mornin, arter that ere prayer meetin, one of the boys lifted old Harte's coche. An say, talk about grub, we found barrels an barrels of everything old Riff. had prayed fer—from the flour an pickles down ter the pepper, only there was only one barrel of pepper, but this was all the pepper we could expect, seein as how dear old Riff. had told the Lord as how he lowed he was askin fer too much pepper.

An, say, that very day old Riff. called another thanksgivin meetin, an I have been praisin God ever since. An that is how old Riffsnyder happened ter get his barrel of pepper.

Port Maria, Jamaica.

This is Port Maria, a sea-port town, where we have had a flourishing corps for some years. It used to be our Divisional Headquarters when Staff-Capt. Shaw was there, but the island is worked in two Divisions now—the Western, with Headquarters at Montego Bay, and the Eastern, with Headquarters at Kingston. A large quantity of bananas are shipped from Port Maria by the United Fruit and other companies.

LOSING THE SOUL.

The old conception of a lost soul was that it was sold to Satan. In Marlow's "Faustus" the hero of the story "makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer, on condition of having at his command an unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years." The story is well told and its dramatic interest is remarkable. It has its lessons, too, for our day. But we feel that, on the whole, the story is unreal. Neither does it represent the Scriptural conception of the loss of the soul.

In the thought of Jesus, a soul is not lost by any sudden decision or by any particular bargain. In His familiar question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" He suggests a course of life, not a single act or motive; and spirit rather than a deliberate choice of evil. We all know that the world is not gained in a day, and we may suppose that the soul is not lost in a day. It will be noticed also that our Lord is not responsible for the common notion that the soul is not lost until death. No. He suggests a losing of the soul that is going on day by day, just as the gaining of the world is going on day by day; the world, as it would seem, gradually crowding out the soul, pushing it back until it is finally lost. This may not be so dramatic as the old bargain theory of the loss of the soul, but it is infinitely more real. Moreover, it suggests a greater danger than the old view. Few would deliberately barter away their souls to Lucifer who are daily losing them to Mammon and other worldly influences.

THE FIREFLY.

There is no such thing as absolute perfection; there is no standard perfection for all; there is only relative perfection for each. A relative perfection for each kind of flower, each form of creature, for man, for angel, and for God. It is not only useless, it is mischievous, to set before us for attainment a standard perfection which concerns some other kind of being, and not us. The practical question that should engage the attention of every reasonable being, is this: "Granted that I am what I am, how can I become the best possible within my limitations?" H. Ward Beecher puts this point in a clever way in the following passage:

"If I had been made a firefly, it would not become me to say, 'If God had only made me a star, to shine always, then I would shine.' It is my duty, if I am a firefly, to fly and sparkle, and fly and sparkle; not to shut my wings down over my phosphorescent self, because God did not make me a sun or a star."

Self-Denial Collectors' HONOR ROLL

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Capt. Walruth, Victoria	$157.40
Ensign and Mrs. Larder, Rossland	147.05
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Missoula	120.45
Mother Hooker, Kalispell	91.25
Capt. Annie Hurst, Vancouver	82.05
Adjt. Yerex, Great Falls	71.75
Capt. Johnson, New Whatcom	64.50
Ensign L. B. Scott, Nelson	63.50
Adjt. Blackburn, New Whatcom	60.00
Lieut. Lewis, Great Falls	60.00
Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	57.66
Capt. H. Stephens, Kalispell	55.55
Treas. Mrs. Brown, Nelson	52.65
Capt. Charlton, Nelson	48.25
Cadet Yerex, Lewiston	45.00
Lieut. Hilda Johnson, Vancouver	39.05
Capt. Smith, Snohomish	37.35
Lieut. McDonald, Snohomish	37.35
Mrs. McRae, Rossland	35.35
Cadet McCormick, Victoria	31.65
Capt. Lacey, Lewiston	29.75
J. S. Treas. Florrie Pogue, Nelson	29.40
Sister Wright, Victoria	27.85
Bro. Wm. Adams, Nelson	27.20
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	26.65
Sergt.-Major Norbury, Spokane	25.25
Bro. Hall, Great Falls	26.00
Treas. F. W. Bauer, Rossland	25.00
Sister Lizzie Scott, Vancouver	23.60
Adjt. R. Smith, Port Essington	22.80
Sergt. W. Lewis, Vancouver	20.00
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, New Whatcom	20.00
Mother Garland, Vancouver	19.00
Ed. Ruland, Mount Vernon	18.50
Jas. Holder, Mount Vernon	17.55
Sergt. Mrs. Huggard, Spokane	16.65
Sergt. W. H. Brett, Vancouver	16.25
Cadet Beamish, Lewiston	15.00
Major Hargrave, Spokane	14.25
Staff-Capt. Taylor, Spokane	14.25
Bro. Bromwell, Victoria	14.00
Bro. Sutton, Victoria	13.25
Sergt. and Mrs. Terryberry, Vancouver	13.00
Bro. Ed. Britt, Rossland	13.00
Treas. Mrs. Hayes, Mt. Vernon	12.55
J. S. S.-M. Haunah Knudson, Nelson	12.25
Sergt. H. Riley, Spokane	12.15
Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	12.00
Lieut. Steele, Missoula	11.60
Bro. H. McRae, Rossland	11.50
Mrs. Sumpter, Lewiston	10.25
Sister Crane, Vancouver	10.00
Bro. Hall, Vancouver	10.00
Bro. McArthur, Vancouver	10.00
Sergt. Peterson, Vancouver	10.00
Bro. Shillinglow, Victoria	10.00
Bro. Porter, Victoria	10.00
Bro. Thos. White, Nelson	10.00
Bro. Wm. Billington, Nelson	10.00
Bro. Wm. Walters, Nelson	10.00
Sister Mrs. Keller, Spokane	10.00
Bro. Nelson, Spokane	10.00
Bro. Linder, Spokane	10.00
John Salak, Spokane	10.00
J. S. S.-M. Wardell, Rossland	10.00
Corps Sergt.-Major Pearce, Butte	14.00
John Goodock, Butte	14.00
J. S. Sergt.-Major Pearce, Butte	10.50
Sister Lindman, Butte	10.00
Sister Tracy, Butte	13.00
Capt. Noble, Butte	30.00
Sister Massey, Butte	20.00

POSTAL CHANGES.

Comrades and friends will kindly note the following changes in the Postal Rates which have taken effect on July 1st:

	CANADA.	U.S.A.
(a) Books, Printed Matter, Mottoes, etc.	1c. for 2 oz.	1c. for 2 oz.
(b) S.A. Stationery, Report Books and Forms and Samples of Merchandise	2c. for 4 oz. and 1c. for 2 oz. after'rds	1c. for 2 oz.
(c) Merchandise	2c. for 2 oz. and 1c. per 2 oz. after'rds	1c. for 1 oz.

EXPLANATION.

(a) This rate on this class has not altered, as ormerly the charge was 1c. for 4 oz.

(b) It will be noted that the smallest rate under this head for Canada is 2c. for 4 oz. or less, but after 4 oz. the rate is 1c. for each addl 2 oz. For the U.S.A. the rate is still as formerly, viz., 1c. for 2 oz.

(c) The rate for this is still the same, excepting that in Canada the smallest rate is 2c. for the first 2 oz., and 1c. per oz. afterwards, which was it was formerly 1c. per oz. straight, as it still remains for parcels addressed to the U.S.A.

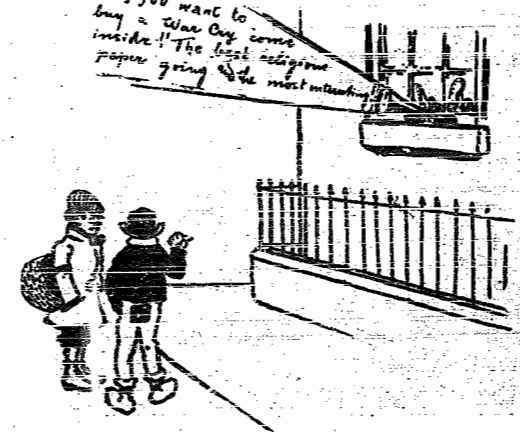
ABSENT, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Our Honor Roll Editor is on rest; May he return stronger and wiser than ever.

Eastern Province.

124 Hustlers.

Lieut. March, St. John I.	275
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	220
Capt. Hawbold, Yarmouth	200
Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	195
Sergt. Liddstone, Glace Bay	180
Capt. Payne, Hamilton	180
Ensign Thompson, Westville	150
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	150
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	150
Sergt. Pearce, Halifax II	120
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	125
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Charlottetown	113
Capt. Jones, Charlottetown	110
Lieut. Newell, Easiport	110
Sergt. Vienot, Halifax I	100
P.S.-M. J. McQueen, Moncton	100
P.S.-M. Flood, Hamilton	100
Lieut. White, North Sydney	100
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	100
Capt. Meikle, Dartmouth	100
Lieut. Thistle, Calais	90
Sergt. Rowe, Sackville	85
Lieut. Meikle, Springhill	84
P.S.-M. Cashin, Halifax I	80
Capt. N. J. Smith, Moncton	75
Mrs. Adjt. Powell, Halifax I	75
Ensign Bowering, Woodstock	66
Bro. Dinkley, Hamilton	66
Sis. Hardwick, St. Stephens	65
Lieut. Nugent, Carleton	64
Adjt. Byers, Moncton	60
P.S.-M. Smith, Windsor	60
Bro. Jennings, St. Georges	60
Capt. McLeod, St. Georges	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I	60
Capt. Hudson, St. John II	55
Cand. McFadden, New Glasgow	55
Capt. Murthough, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Clark, Liverpool	55
E. Packwood, St. Georges	54
Capt. B. Green, Dominion	53
Sergt. Beasley, Halifax II	52
Mrs. Marshal, Digby	50
Mrs. Ens. Thompson, Louisburg	50
Capt. Lorimore, North Sydney	50
Bro. Waterman, Sydney	50
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III	50
Bro. Gibbons, St. Georges	50
Lieut. Parsons, Chatham	50
Lieut. Fewson, Sydney II	50
May Turner, St. John V	45
Capt. Davis, Sussex	45
Lieut. Crossman, Sussex	45
Cand. McKerrey, St. John III	45
Lieut. Wood, Houlton	45
Sergt. McKay, Halifax II	45
Sister Jarvis, Halifax II	45
Lieut. White, Bridgetown	44
Lieut. Ogilvie, Bridgetown	44
Ensign Brown, Annapolis	44
Capt. Wyatt, Kentville	42
Lieut. Ginnivan, Kentville	42
P.S.-M. Lerder, Windsor	40
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton	40
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	40
Ensign Knight, St. John III	40
Lieut. Riley, St. Stephens	40
Capt. Forsey, Paarsboro	40
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Amherst	40
Rhoda Stevens, Amherst	40
Lieut. DePow, St. John II	40
Lieut. Munroe, Fairville	35
P.S.-M. Worth, Charlottetown	37
Lieut. Cavender, Truro	37
Capt. Long, Windsor	36
Lieut. Kenney, Yarmouth	35
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	35
Sergt. Weatherall, Westville	35
Cand. Smith, Campbellton	35
Capt. Pomberton, Campbellton	35
Lieut. Haugan, Lunenburg	35
Capt. Jones, Halifax II	35
K. Allison, Halifax II	35
Ensign Wilson, Carleton	35
Lieut. Legge, St. John V	33
Capt. Lamont, St. John V	30
Capt. Bell, Freeport	30
Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines	30
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
Mrs. Pace, Hamilton	30
Joe Brent, Woodstock	30
Capt. Chandler, Canning	30
Cadet Chislett, Canning	30
Mrs. Younge, Lunenburg	30
Sergt. Dow, Dartmouth	30
P.S.-M. Jefferson, Annapolis	26
Sergt. England, Chatham	27
Sergt. Pelley, Chatham	25
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
P.S.-M. Jones, St. John III	25
Sergt. Dennis, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Smith, Glace Bay	25
Capt. Green, St. Stephens	25
Mrs. Snow, Halifax II	25
Mrs. Capt. Janes, Halifax II	25
R. Rodgers, Halifax I	25
Capt. Cowen, St. John I	25
Lieut. McKim, Halifax IV	25
Sergt. Betts, Springhill	22
Mrs. Douglass, Calais	21
Lieut. Strothard, Glace Bay	21
Sister Vickery, Yarmouth	20
C.-C. Godsoe, Fredericton	20
Stella Osbourne, Fredericton	20
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	20
Mrs. Dennis, Northampton	20
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John III	20
D. Morton, Glace Bay	20
W. Burgess, Halifax I	20



Boomer Easybone wanted to find an easier way of pushing the Cry. He bought phonograph and rested his feet on the window-sill, waiting for customers. They didn't come. Moral:—Go and find them.

Central Ontario Province.

64 Hustlers.

Lieut. Correll, Hamilton I	270
Sergt. M. Bowcock, Lippincott	125
Sergt. Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	100
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	93
Capt. Gravette, Meaford	90
Ensign Lott, North Bay	85
Sergt. Slater, Barrie	69
Capt. McCann, Tweedsville	62
Lieut. Daubenville, Yorkville	62
Bro. Moffatt, Riverside	60
Capt. Staiger, Owen Sound	53
Bro. Dickinson, Dundas	52
Ensign Smith, Barrie	52
Capt. Gilbert, Orillia	50
Sister McLennan, Orillia	50
Capt. Nelson, St. Catharines	50
Adjt. Walker, St. Catharines	50
Ensign Hide, Riverside	50
Cand. McMillan, Lindsay	47
C.-C. Cornell, Lindsay	46
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	46
Capt. Cooper, Brampton	45
Ensign Brant, Oshawa	40
Sergt.-Major Stewart, Lisgar St.	40
Ensign Hanna, Dundas	40
Lieut. Minnes, Riverside	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Stickells, Sturgeon Falls	37
Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	36
Capt. Wilson, Newmarket	35
C.-C. Sheardown, Huron St.	35
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	35
Lieut. Smith, Oshawa	35
Sergt. Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar St.	33
Ensign Sherwin, Midland	30
Capt. Hutchinson, Midland	30
Capt. Clink, Sudbury	30
Capt. Meeks, Huron St.	30
Lieut. Crandell, Newmarket	30
Lieut. Scarff, Huron St.	28
Capt. Brookets, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Stickells, Gravenhurst	27
Capt. Wadge, Dovercourt	25
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt	25
C.-C. Bone, Abmic Harbor	25
Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls	25
C.-C. Gerow, Burk's Falls	25
Capt. Carwardine, Chesley	25
Lieut. Lamb, Chesley	25
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	25
Capt. Meader, North Bay	25
Sergt. Clark, Lippincott	25
Sergt. Pullbrook, Barrie	25
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	25
Adjt. Bale, Lisgar St.	25
Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Lindsay	23
Corps-Cadet Russell, Orillia	22
Bro. Helson, Lindsay	20
C.-C. Richards, Lindsay	20
Sergt.-Major McHenry, Lisgar St.	20
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	20
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	20

East Ontario Province.

58 Hustlers.

P.S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa	153
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	130
Ensign Hutt, Burlington	115
Lieut. Keats, Newport	105
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	104
Ensign Comstock, Belleville	100
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I	96
Lieut. Ludlow, Sherbrooke	90
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	[illegible]
Capt. Brimson, Campbellford	[illegible]
Mrs. Adjt. White, Brockville	[illegible]
Mrs. Wilcox, Montreal II	[illegible]
Sergt. McVety, Sherbrooke	[illegible]
Mrs. Ensign Habkirk, Montreal I	[illegible]
Mrs. Housdan, Montreal I	[illegible]
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	[illegible]
Ida Munro, Barre	[illegible]
Dad Duquett, Trenton	[illegible]

Newfoundland Province.

40 Hustlers.

Cadet Janes, St. John's II	[illegible]
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I	[illegible]
P.S.-M. Newman, Twillingate	[illegible]
Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I	[illegible]
S.-M. Ridout, Tilt Cove	[illegible]
Sergt. Blackmore, Pelley's Island	[illegible]
Sergt. Carter, St. John's II	[illegible]
Capt. Stickland, Tilt Cove	[illegible]
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	[illegible]
Lieut. Connecks, St. John's I	[illegible]
Sergt. Harris, St. John's I	[illegible]
Cadet Collins, St. John's I	[illegible]
Ensign Brown, Carbonear	[illegible]
Capt. Ridout, Bonavista	[illegible]
Lieut. Mercer, Harbor Grace	[illegible]
Lieut. Mercer, St. John's I	[illegible]
Sergt. Blunden, St. John's II	[illegible]
Sergt. Payne, St. John's I	[illegible]
Lieut. Butler, St. John's I	[illegible]
Cadet Loveless, St. John's II	[illegible]
Sergt.-Major Bennett, Fortune	[illegible]
Mrs. Ensign Hiscock, Bay Roberts	[illegible]
Lieut. Burt, Bay Roberts	[illegible]
J.S.-M. Adey, Clarenville	[illegible]
Capt. Sheppard, Clark's Beach	[illegible]
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I	[illegible]
Lieut. Mercer, Channel	[illegible]
Lieut. Skinner, Gooseberry Island	[illegible]
Sergt. Honeyburn, Heart's Delight	[illegible]
Minnie House, Musgravetown	[illegible]
C.-C. White, Harbor Grace	[illegible]
Lieut. Wiltshire, Burin	[illegible]
Capt. Barry, Burin	[illegible]
Lieut. Dart, Brigus	[illegible]
Sergt. Butt, St. John's I	[illegible]
Lieut. Ebsary, Old Perlican	[illegible]
Capt. S. Salisbury, Salty Cove	[illegible]
Capt. Simmons, Greenspon	[illegible]
Sergt. M. Green, Arnold's Cove	[illegible]
J.S.S.-M. Gosse, Shearstown	[illegible]

Pacific Province.

33 Hustlers.

Capt. Hurst, Vancouver	[illegible]
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	[illegible]
Pro.-Capt. Johnstone, Whatcom	[illegible]
Capt. Darrach, Everett	[illegible]
Cadet McCormick, Victoria	[illegible]
Mrs. Ens. Larder, Rossland	[illegible]
Lieut. Rowlands, Fernie	[illegible]
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	[illegible]
Capt. Quant, Livingston	[illegible]
Mother Hooker, Kalispell	[illegible]
Cadet Yerex, Lewiston	[illegible]
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	[illegible]
Capt. Heater, New Westminster	[illegible]
Capt. Charlton, Nelson	[illegible]
Capt. Miller, Greenwood	[illegible]
Cadet Robinson, Greenwood	[illegible]
Capt. Gain, Nanaimo	[illegible]
Sister Wright, Victoria	[illegible]
Ensign Southall, Nanaimo	[illegible]
Lt. Sutherland, New Westminster	[illegible]
Capt. Smith, Snohomish	[illegible]
Sergt. McCormick, Spokane	[illegible]
Hannah Knudson, Nelson	[illegible]
Florrie Pogue, Nelson	[illegible]
Sergt. Norbury, Spokane	[illegible]
Ensign Scott, Nelson	[illegible]
Ethel Hamilton, Spokane	[illegible]
Lieut. McDonald, Snohomish	[illegible]
Capt. Tippett, Dillon	[illegible]
Clara Coen, Spokane	[illegible]
Bro. Salak, Spokane	[illegible]
Sergt. McCausland, Spokane	[illegible]
Bro. Nelson, Lewiston	[illegible]

Aspirants.

To Truth's house there is a single door, which is experience. He teaches best who feels the heart of all men in his breast, and knows their strength or weakness through his own.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

[illegible]

WOMEN'S SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS

IT is very important that officers do not send girls [illegible] or children to any of our Women's Social Institutions [illegible] without previous arrangements being made and obtained the consent of the Matrons beforehand, [illegible] as we have been put to a serious inconvenience in the [illegible] case. We double hate all who need us, but to send any disappointment on the part of applicants [illegible] extremely regret errors and others to write us [illegible] Visually. Apply at the following addresses:—

Toronto, Ont.....Major Stewart, cor. James and Albert Sts. London, Ont.....Adjt. McDonald, Riverview Ave., London. St. John, N.B.....Ensign Hodge, Social Home, 21 St. James St. Halifax, N.S.....Adjutant Hiery, 44 St. Andrew Street. Winnipeg, Man.....Adjutant Morris, 264 Young Street. Regina, Sask.....Mrs. Major Payne, 11 Windsor Street. Edmonton, Alta.....Ensign Ward, 11 Cook Street. Hamilton, Ont.....Captain Bell, 44 Hess Street. Vancouver, B.C.....Adjutant Cooper, 1000 Cambie Street.

The Hygiene Class.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Vapor Bath.—Place the patient in a chair which has a wooden bottom, beneath which place a pail half full with water. Surround the patient completely, chair and all, with a woollen blanket, leaving only his head visible; even this may be covered a little while at a time in cases of neuralgia, if desired. Add other blankets sufficient for warmth. Now raise the blankets a little behind and place in the pail a stone or brick which has been heated sufficiently hot to hiss when it touches the water. Do not drop it into the water at once, but let it down gradually. When this has become cool add another in the same way. The bath should not usually be continued more than twenty minutes. Upon coming out of the bath wash off quickly with tepid water. The head should be wet from the first.

—o—

Hot Air Bath.—Prepare the patient in the same manner as directed for the vapor bath. Instead of the pail of water, place beneath the chair a cup containing a small quantity of alcohol. Wet the head well, and then light the alcohol. Wash with tepid water after the bath, and be careful to avoid taking cold.

—o—

Hot Water Drinking.—From careful observation for a number of years we are satisfied that many people drink too little. Copious water drinking is one of the best possible means of encouraging the action of the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels. Invalids with weak digestion suffer discomfort from drinking cold water copiously, on account of the depressing influence of cold upon the functions of the stomach. Hot water, however, is not open to this objection, and hence is to be recommended to invalids, especially to those suffering with almost any form of disease of the stomach, liver, skin or kidneys. Water is the universal cleansing agent, and water drinking is one of the most effective means of cleansing the blood. When taken hot it stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, promotes the secretion of bile, encourages the action of the kidneys, relieves dryness of the throat and secures a healthy activity of the skin. Hence it is particularly valuable for dyspeptics, especially those suffering from acidity, and for persons suffering with torpid liver and inactive kidneys.

Hot water, as well as other drinks, should be sparingly used, if used at all, at meals. When the digestion is very slow, a few sips of hot water at the close of the meal will be found a useful aid to digestion, but hot milk may generally be substituted with advantage. The best time for taking hot water is one hour before the meal, and just before retiring at night. One or two glasses may be taken at a time. The temperature should be from one hundred and five to one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit.

Hot water is not a panacea, and is not best for everybody. Persons suffering from painful dyspepsia, ulcer of the stomach and organic disease of the heart should not take it.

A BIBLE RIDDLE.

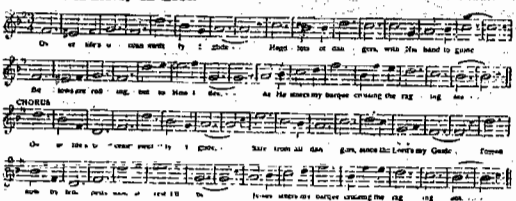
The following appeared some time ago in a religious paper. In [illegible] a prominent merchant promised an old lady a prize if taking her subject from the Bible, she could compose a riddle he could not guess. She won the prize by the following:

Adam God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.
My body God did make complete,
But without arms or legs or feet.
My warm and soft He did control,
But he my body gave no soul.
A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me my name.
From his presence I then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.
I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray.
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.
For purposes wise which God did see,
He put a living soul in me,
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me my soul again;
For when from me that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made.
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.
I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen man I give great light;
Thousands of people young and old
Will by my death great light behold;
No right nor wrong can I conceive,
The Scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound.
No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I ne'er shall see,
To Heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.
Now when these lines you slowly read,
Go search your Bible with all speed,
For that my name's recorded there
I honestly to you declare.
Will some of our readers furnish the answer?

OVER LIFE'S OCEAN.

From the Musical Salvationist, Vol. ix. 124.

Words and Music by H. Ebbe.



Over the ocean dark it may seem,
Yet could I doubt Him? all is calm within;
Trusting my pilot, soon on shore I'll be,
All is joy and peace, crossing the raging sea.

Over the ocean, why should I fear?
Tempests are rolling, still He's very near;
While I am trusting, safely I shall be
Kept amidst the storm crossing the raging sea.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe. Letters, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE BOOTH, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3985. ANDERSON JAMES. Aged 41. Formerly of St. Dennis St., Montreal. Was a boiler maker, and worked for Mr. Prowse, Montreal. Left there eighteen years ago for Winnipeg, where he worked for Chas. Gates. Was a soldier in the N. W. rebellion. Last heard of in '89, then was at 605 W. Fifth St., Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A.

3986. TAYLOR, HERBERT EDWIN. Aged 35, dark brown hair, medium height. Formerly of Stratford, Essex, England. Last heard from at Vancouver, B.C., three years ago.

A Rotary Snowplow Clearing the Track of the White Pass, Yukon, R.R., Nearing the Summit.

In spite of the heavy snow fall, trains on this road have been running all winter, and no lives have been lost through any accidents on this line so far.

3683. MATCHETT, ROBERT. Aged 32, height, 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, dark complexion. Last wrote his friends from Paisley, Ont. Left there ten years ago for B. C. He is a coach-painter by trade. Has lost part of the forefinger of the left hand.

Second Insertion.

3981. STEWARD, DUCKLE M. Aged 41, height 6 feet 1 in., red hair. When last heard from was in the employ of the Great Northern Railway Company, Great Falls, Montana, U.S.A.

Household Hints.

Scrubbing porcelain or enamel bathtubs with any soap containing sand warps and cracks the enamel.

—o—

Do not use a polished table every day, as it should be kept spotless. There is too much trouble involved in keeping it in order.

—o—

Isinglass boiled in spirits of wine will produce a transparent cement which will unite broken glass so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible.

—o—

All the life will come back to an eiderdown quilt which has become hard and lost its elasticity if you will hang it in the sun for a few hours.

—o—

If the wick of a lamp does not move easily in the holder, draw out one or two threads from one side. The wick should be as large a one as the holder will receive.

—o—

An easy way to clean lamp chimneys is to hold them for a moment in the steam from a boiling kettle, rub dry with a clean cloth and polish with a soft newspaper.

—o—

To keep out moths use alum. Wash over the crevices of store boxes with alum water and sprinkle powdered alum wherever it is suspected that moths may make their appearance.

—o—

If there be one principle more than another to be observed in packing it is that the heavy things go at the bottom of the trunk, even though one is sure that it is to stand on end half of the trip.

—o—

Boiled tomatoes, sprinkled with a little cheese while cooking, are relished by many.

—o—

After taking a cake from the oven let it remain in the pan for about five minutes. It will then come out easily without breaking.

—o—

When making jam tarts brush the paste that will be under the jam with beaten white of egg. This will prevent it from getting sodden.

—o—

Every cooking utensil should be immediately filled, after using, with lukewarm water. The washing will be much easier if this is done.

—o—

When cooking vegetables, remember to lay cauliflowers and cabbages in salt and water, in order to remove all insects, etc., and get the vegetables thoroughly free from grit.

—o—

Rice Salad.—One cup of cooked rice, one cup of diced beets, two cups of celery. Season with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar and a dash of cayenne. Moisten with equal parts of cream and vinegar.

—o—

Tomato Salad.—Ingredients: Five tomatoes, a pinch of salt, the same of powdered sugar, a few drops of salad oil, a little vinegar, one bunch of watercress. Scald the tomatoes for a few seconds in boiling water, then drop them into cold water and peel them. Cut them into quarters, or, if large, into eighths, sprinkle with salt and powdered sugar mixed, pour over a few drops of salad oil and a little vinegar, and garnish with sprigs of watercress.

OUR SONG PAGE

TRIED AND PROVEN.

Tune.—Full surrender (B.J. 3).

1 Lord, I make a full surrender,
All I have I yield to Thee;
For Thy love, so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.

Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own,
Safely keep by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I have given my all to God!
And I now have full salvation,
Through the precious Blood!

Lord, my will I here present Thee
Gladly now no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear this hour the sacred vow!
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me
Thus my all to Thee to give;
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.
Show Thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging, loving Friend;
Keep me till, in death's glad hour,
Faith in sight shall end.

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.J. 220); Madrid (B.J. 176).

2 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, He prays for you and me.
"Forgive them, Father; oh, forgive!
They know not that by Me they live."

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

Oh, let Thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love!

WHAT MUST I DO?

By ADJT. PHILLIPS, Jamaica.

Tune.—Tell it again.

3 Into a yard, down a city back street,
A Salvation sister went often to meet
Some people who said they would never believe
That pardon for sin they could ever receive.

Chorus.

"What must I do? What must I do?
What must I do to be saved?" then they cried;
"Repent and believe, salvation receive,
Then you will know you are saved," she replied.

People who saw her go down to those [illegible]
Said that salvation would never suit them;
But Jesus went with her the message to tell,
To save those poor sinners from going to hell.

Returning again, she would not let them go,
So God had a chance His great mercy to show;
And out to a penitent form she had made,
They came before others, and were not afraid.

To-day there's a message God sends through this song,
To you who admit that your life is all wrong—
Come out to the penitent form while you may,
Your chances of heaven are passing away.

KEEP THE FLAG FLYING.

Tune.—This is my story, this is my song.

4 Keep the flag flying, flying above,
Telling of Jesus and His great love;
Salvation breezes around us will blow,
While in His strength and freedom we go.

Chorus.

Keep the flag flying, lift it up higher,
This is our watchword, with "blood and fire."
Precious blood flowing—flowing so free,
Holy Ghost fire, sweet liberty.

Never desert it, soldiers of God.
Think how it taught you first of His word;
March 'neath the colors, march and be free,
Telling the sinner, "Mercy's for thee."

Keep the flag flying—oh, the deep shame
Of the backslider, spurning God's name,
Trampling the flag down deep in the mire;
Soldier of Jesus, lift it up higher.

A MESSAGE TO MOTHER.

By CAPT. MARY BELL.

Tune.—Just before the battle. What a friend we have in Jesus (B.J. [illegible]).

5 Mother, when the battle's ended,
And the din of strife is o'er,
Do not listen for my footsteps,
You will hear them nevermore.
In a lonely grave, dear mother,
Comrades lay your soldier boy;
But we'll meet again up yonder,
In that world of light and joy.

Chorus.

Jesus calls me, I am going,
For the sun is sinking low;
Where the tree of life is growing,
There no tears shall ever flow.

Mother, when I stood beside you,
E'er we parted on the strand;
Little thinking I shall never
See again my native land,
How you whispered, "God of heaven
Bless and comfort mother's boy;
Give him peace amid the conflict,
Peace which nothing can destroy."

Hark! the bugle call is sounding,
Angels beckon me to come;
Scenes of earth are fading from me,
For the soldier's work is done.
Loving hands of weeping comrades,
I lay his form beneath the clay,
Till the day shall break in glory,
And the shadows flee away.

THE HEAVENLY GALES ARE BLOWING.

By THE GENERAL.

6 Oh, boundless salvation, deep ocean of love,
Oh, fulness of mercy Christ brought from above.
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men, come roll over me.

Chorus.

The heavenly gales are blowing,
The cleansing sea is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

My sins they are many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping, thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me, come, roll over me!

My tempers are fitful, my passions are strong,
They bind my poor soul, and they force me to wrong;
Beneath thy blest billows deliverance I see,
Oh, come, mighty ocean, and roll over me!

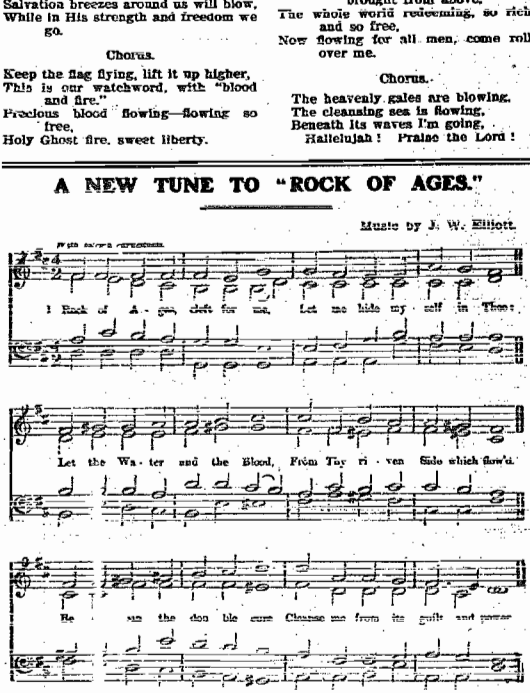
Now tossed with temptation, then haunted with fears,
My life has been joyless and useless for years,
I feel something better most surely would be
If once thy pure waters would roll over me!

Oh, ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the brink of the [illegible] life-giving flood,
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of the "Mighty to Save."
My soul's growing bolder—deliverance I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me!

A NEW TUNE TO "ROCK OF AGES."

Music by J. W. Elliott.



BIBLE CHRISTIANITY.

By A. A. WHITTEKER.

Tune—Scatter seeds of kindness (B.J. 329).

7 You have read the wondrous story
In the Gospel Book of Truth,
You have heard it from your childhood,
It was taught you in your youth.
You have read the precious promise
Of a mansion built for thee,
You must live a Bible Christian,
If that mansion you would see.

Chorus.

Then live a Bible Christian,
Then live a Bible Christian,
Then live a Bible Christian,
It will pay you when you die.

You may have to leave companions,
And may have to suffer loss,
Fierce temptation will assail you,
You will have a heavy cross;
Some called Christians will forsake you,
You may lose your earthly friends;
If you live a Bible Christian
It will pay you in the end.

You may have to live in sorrow,
All your life be lone and sad,
Not a friendly word to cheer you,
Not a smile to make you glad,
You may have to be a martyr,
And then as a martyr die,
If you live a Bible Christian
It will pay you by-and-bye.

No one else will be accepted
When He comes to call His own;
No one else will enter heaven,
No one else surround the throne,
No one else receive that mansion
Jesus said He would prepare;
It is only Bible Christians
That will ever enter there.

SAVE THE DRUNKARD.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tune.—We'll all shout hallelujah (B.J. 122).

8 We have heard the bitter cry
From the souls about to die,
As an Army, we are ready for the field.
God our troops will never fail
As the strongholds we assail—
We shall triumph, and the enemy must yield.

Chorus.

To the drunkards we are going,
And the drunkards we shall reach;
For we know the Lord can save
Every drunken, sin-bound slave;
Full salvation to the uttermost we preach.

Go with flaming souls of love,
Touched with fire from above;
Near the very gates of hell we'll take our stand.
We are standing by the right,
God is with us in the fight—
This shall be our battle-cry throughout the land.

This Goliath shall be slain,
We will try and try again—
For we never, never, never will give in;
Put the armor tighter on,
In His strength we march along,
And the drunkards for our Saviour we shall win.

When you've caught them, if you please,
Get them down upon their knees,
Cry aloud to them, "Behold the Lamb of God!"
Get their souls a proper cleansing—
Nothing less than change of heart,
And a plunge into the fountain filled with blood.

COMING EVENTS.

T.H.Q. Specials.

ADJT. AND MRS. GIDEON MILLER

Will visit Peterboro for Saturday, Sunday, July 26 and 27.